

312 . M. C. 10

THE
Younger Brother:

OR, THE
Sham MARQUIS.

A
COMEDY.

THE

Youngest Brother

OR THE

Sham Marriage

COMEDY

THE
Younger Brother:
OR, THE
SHAM MARQUIS.
A
COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the
THEATRE
IN
LINCOLNS-INN-FIELDS.

The SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed: And Sold by J. Brotherton and W. Meadows
in Cornhill, J. Roberts in Warwick-Lane, and A. Dodd
without Temple-Bar. 1719. [Price 1 s. 6 d.]

THE
Younger Brother:

OR, THE
SHAM MARQUIS

COMEDY.



As it is Acted at the

THEATRE
IN
LINCOLN-FIELDS.

The Second Edition.

LONDON:

Printed; And Sold by A. Baldwin and W. Johnston
in Cornhill & Robert's Wall Lane, near St. Dunstons
without Temple Bar. 1794.

THE
PREFACE.

Impartial Reader,

Prefacing is now so much the Fashion, that, to comply with it, something must be said before this Play; tho' to be in proportion to the Piece, it should be no bigger than the Poëie of a Ring: But little as That is, and notwithstanding the Care which has been taken not to offend, it seems the Hugonot Interest is a sore Place, and one must not expose them on the Stage in the Dress of Highway-men, tho' there is at present one actually to be hang'd for that very Crime. Have

P R E F A C E.

Have the *Irish*, *Scotts* and *English* of all Ranks, from Noblemen to Footmen, been expos'd upon our Stage, and shall the *French* amongst our selves be the only People excepted? Or do they think an Imputation of Vice sticks closer to them than others? What have the Truly Noble Families of that Nation to do in this Scrape? Or the honest Mercantil Part, that pretend to no more than to get Riches? If there be any Counterfeits among them, is it not a Service to the sounder Part of the Refugees to expose them? But so much for that.

As to the Play, in spite of Censure, there is an Unity of Place and Action, not common on our Stage: The whole may be suppos'd to have happen'd within the time of twenty four Hours; nor is there more changing of Scenes, than from the Inn to Sir *Tristram's* House in the same Town. The Play never doth stand still to the End, but every Scene contributes either to the explaining the Characters, or advancing the Conclusion of the Plot. The Language is good, the Sentiments no where immoral, and the whole Chaste.

There

P R E F A C E.

There is some Wit too, if good Sense, cloathed in handsom Language, may deserve that Name: But if Punns, Quibbles, Blasphemies, Swearing and Bawdy must be called so; 'tis hoped there are very few of the former, and none of the latter: Nay Politicks, the only Discourse of these present Times, does not so much as peep into any Scene; and so far indeed this Play is unnatural, and needs Animation: But all this is submitted to the Publick.

There is but one thing more to be taken notice of, which is, That a certain Nobleman has concern'd himself in the promoting of this Play, therefore some make him the Author, and say he was at several Rehearsals, &c. therefore 'tis certainly he. Whereas the quite contrary ought to be concluded from thence, if he design'd to be conceal'd. My Lord is known to be a Person of some good Qualities, not to mention his Virtues; and he must be a strange sort of a Brute that can think him either such a Wretch to beg Crowns for himself, or such a Fool
as

P R E F A C E.

as to think to be conceal'd being the Author, when he publickly abets the acting of the Play. This might be easily set right, if the Person conceal'd thought fit to appear ; but my Lord does not think this an Imputation that can stick, nor would he be clear'd of it at that rate. In the mean time, further to satisfy the Publick, I must inform them, that my Lord has saved me the Trouble of a Dedication, as to the Intent and Meaning of all Dedicators. For as it would have been unnatural to have presented this Piece to any body else, so would it not have look'd well in him, not to have contributed more than any body to a Charity which he himself promoted. *Adieu.*

P R O-

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. RYAN.

IN former Times, Poets try'd many ways
To gain their Point, and recommend their
Plays.

Some to the Box address'd, and some the Pit;
All swore that Beauty was ally'd to Wit.

Thinking by secret Methods to prevail,
The surest way---for, alas, Men are frail!
Some to their Audience have prov'd perfect
Bullies,

Dar'd them to Censure, treated them like
Cullies.

Such saucy Poets all will now dispraise:

Who force a Laurel, merit not the Bays.

But were a modest Confidence allow'd,

We might assert that which we find is good.

Our Author even to thus much don't pretend,
He strives to please, and hopes you will com-
mend.

Tho' he's unknown, yet has he so much Grace
To dread your Censure, tho' he hides his Face.

Some Faults he does avoid, which others Court,

With Politicks he will not make you Sport;

Insult th' Unhappy with Fanatick Face,

And make them want a Poet's Act of Grace.

PROLOGUE.

*Nor is there what those bashful Ladies want,
Who, with a hood-wink'd Face, the Play-house
haunt :*

*Nothing obscene, nor yet ambiguous Sound,
Shall the Chast Ears of Modest Virgins wound.*

*But hold — I must no more: I am forbid
To give a Bill of Fare, or shew what's hid.
With some Indulgence then our Treat receive;
'Tis little, but the best that we could give.*

*Be willing to be pleas'd, lay Censure by,
And note our Acting with a Friendly Eye.
Our mutual Interest let both regard;
Our Glory 'tis to Please, yours to Reward.*

EPI.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. BULLOCK.

Appointed to Harangue after this Play,
Ladies and Gentlemen, what shall I say?
Our Die is Cast, now you command our Fate,
Whether we gain your Pity, Love, or Hate.
Sure not the last; for we do all pretend,
At least, if we don't please, not to offend.
But if we Objects of your Pity prove,
They say that Pity is o' kin to Love.
But how, alas! shall we your Favour gain?
Our Theatre's still treated with Disdain.
How are our Rivals with your Favour blest!
Our Good is criticis'd; their Faults caress'd.
Unhappy we, in our Endeavours cross'd!
Like Lovers, tho' we court, are slighted most.
This Orphan Play, now slung into the Town,
We hope that each will Father as his own.
What Wit it has is like you; for the rest,
No Parent's Face is in all Lines exprest.
Our unknown Author can no Favour plead,
Then give me leave to stand it in his stead:
And I entreat——for you abhor Commands——
That you would please t'accept it at my Hands.

Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sir *Tristram Topeit*,
Sir *William Wiseman*,
Bellair Sen.
Bellair Jun.
Horatio,
Vilnaisfance,

1 }
2 } *Companions of Vilnaisfance*,
3 }
Jerry,
Carbuncle,

Mr. Griffin.
Mr. Ogden.
Mr. Leigh.
Mr. Ryan.
Mr. Egleton.
Mr. Cbr. Bullock.
Mr. Hild. Bullock.
Mr. Scot.
Mr. Knapp.
Mr. Spiller.
Mr. Bullock, Sen.

W O M E N.

Lufinda,
Maria,
Violetta,
Arabella,
Housekeeper,

Mrs. Bullock.
Mrs. Spiller.
Mrs. Seymour.
Mrs. Robertson.
Mrs. Willis, Sen.

Servants, Clerk, Drawer, Butler, Constable,
and Watch.

SCENE CANTERBURY.

THE



THE
Younger Brother:
OR, THE
Sham MARQUIS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *an Inn.*

Enter Bellair Junior, Jerry, and Carbuncle.

BELLAIR Junr.

LANDLORD, what can ye get me
for Supper?

Carb. Sir, you may have either
Mutton, Chicken, Pidgeon, or Rab-
bit: You're in no *Spaniard's* House,
where you may have any thing, Earth,
Air, or Sea affords, and yet go to Bed with a
hard Egg, or Supperless: But you are now, Sir,
in the Inn of *Nehemiah Carbuncle*, who, tho' I say
B it,

The Younger Brother: Or,

it, draws as good Wine, and dresses a Dish of Meat as well as e'er an Inn in *Canterbury*.

Bel. Jun. Let me have a couple of boil'd Chicks done out of hand; I'm tired with my Journey, and would gladly be in Bed.

Carb. It shall be done, Sir: [*Going.*] But what Wine does your Honour drink?

Bel. Jun. The very same you drink your self.

Carb. Then I'll draw you a Glas shall out-sparkle the Eyes of your Mistress. [*Exit.*]

Jer. Pray, Sir, may I be so bold, as to enquire into the Meaning of this Journey?

Bel. Jun. You know, *Ferry*, my Fortunes are now reduc'd to this small Purse, (in which are about Fifty Guineas) that Portmanteau, and the Brace of Gueldings in the Stable; and I hope by this Journey, to perswade my Brother, who is Master of a plentiful Estate, to buy me some Post, which may maintain me like the Son of his Father.

Jer. Faith, Sir, I wonder you have any Hopes: Pray, Sir, wou'd any of those People, on whom you have laid the greatest Obligations, take the least notice of you, when they suspected your Stock upon the Ebb?

Bel. Jun. I own I have met with uncommon Ingratitude.

Jer. Not at all, Sir; Gratitude is Obsolete, and out of Date; mention the word, and you are stared at as a Man of the last Age. But to have done with that, as well as other People; since those who formerly made the greatest Professions to you, wou'd be deny'd to your Visits, what Hopes can you have that your Brother won't be of the same Humour? I'm sure he has much more Reason, for as I remember, you slighted his Advice as much in Selling your Estate, as your *quondam* Companions now shun your Poverty.

Friends

The Sham Marquis.

3

Friends are those Leaves produc'd by Summer's Heat,

Which at the first Autumnal Blast retreat.

Bel. Jun. It's a fatal Truth; but shou'd my Brother prove as Unnatural, as my Acquaintance Ungrateful, yet my *Maria* will never fail me; her Fortune will shelter me from the nipping Frosts of Poverty.

Jer. I am very well satisfied Mrs. *Maria* can repair your Fortunes; I wish I were as much assured of her being willing; but she's a Woman.

Bel. Jun. Ay, beautiful as Truth, and constant as---

Jer. A Woman.

Bel. Jun. Why, did'tt never hear of a Woman constant!

Jer. Yes, Sir: I've heard of a Phoenix too; but never was acquainted with any, who had ever met with either.

Bel. Jun. You'll find *Maria's* Reception the same as ever; and that no change of Fortune can make an alteration in her Affection.

Jer. I don't remember any time in which I wou'd so gladly be convinc'd of my Error.

Enter Carbuncle with a Bottle and Glass.

Carb. Here, Sir, taste this; and if it is not as right French, as any now on the Keys of *Bordeaux*; may all my Wine dye, and my Wife revive.

Jer. A very terrible Imprecation, I believe.

Bel. Jun. It's mighty good, and answers the Character you give it: But what Company have you in your House, Landlord?

Carb. Sir, here's a poor mad Gentleman just come in; and yet he's a Man of very good Sense.

Bel. Jun. Pray explain?

B 2

Carb.

Carb. Sir, he's come hither to be marry'd to one of the Daughters of Sir *Tristram Topeit*: (as honest a Gentleman as ever saw the bottom of a Bottle) I've a very great Respect for the Gentleman, and have advis'd him to take warning by my sad Example, who suffered Twenty Years Punishment for a quarter of an Hour's folly; but he's like those harden'd Sinners who pick Pockets at the Gallows, tho' at the same time forewarn'd by their dying Companions.

Bel. Jun. Methinks you're very Satyrical upon Matrimony, Landlord.

Carb. He who wou'd paint a Storm, let him go to Sea in a Hurricane. — But, Sir, my Service to you. [*Drinks.*]

Bel. Jun. To me it seems the only happy State; What is there on Earth to be valued equal to a real Friend? And where can that cordial Friendship be met with, but in a Wife? Your Interest is the same, your Love reciprocal, you equally study to oblige; and there is a perfect Union, a certain Harmony in all their Actions, which renders the bitterness of Life agreeable; at least, tolerable.

Carb. Sir, my Service to you. [*Drinks.*] What greater Pleasure cou'd there be than to sail in a Calm? But if you go a long Voyage, however smooth and inviting the Sea may be at your weighing, you must expect to meet with Storms before you reach your Port, *Experientia docet.* But, Sir, here's to your Mistress. [*Drinks.*] Lookye, Sir, Matrimony's a sort of an Ocean, the Wife's the Vessel, Self-will's her Captain, Vanity conds, Pride lays down the Course, her Self-conceit is Mate, and her Tongue's the Boatswain; while the poor Husband, as Foremast-man, does all the Drudgery, Rigs her out, Knots, Splices, and Stores the Hole; nay, and very often is kept at Short Allowance

The Sham Marquis.

5

lowance into the bargain. But, Sir, I believe good Advice is thrown away on you ; so here's a good Voyage to you, [*Drinks.*] for I find you have some Frigate in your Eye you've a mind to be boarding.

Bel. Jun. I am sorry you have met so hard Fate.

Carb. I believe, Sir, I had Neighbour's Fare ; but most are ashamed to own their Misfortunes, when in spight of wholesome Advice they've run themselves into them ; while I generously set a Buoy where I was Shipwreck'd. I never hear a married Man speak of the Comforts found in Matrimony, but it reminds me of the Fox losing his Tail.

Bel. How comes it, Mr. *Carbuncle*, you speak so much in a Sea Phrase?

Carb. Sir, I was Master of a small Vessel, which got me a comfortable Livelihood ; but my Wife was so plaguy fond, she wou'd not venture me on that fickle Element any longer than the first Year of our Marriage ; but oblig'd me to sell my Vessel, and stay at home with her more fickle self ; She lived pretty high, and soon exhausted the little Stock I had got beforehand : Then immediately veers about to another Point, and wonders how I cou'd lie loitering at home. But, Sir, my humble Service to you. [*Drinks.*] My selling my Vessel disoblig'd my Friends ; and not being able to get another, I set up this Business ; by which, I thank my Stars, I've got the Weather-gage of my dear Spouse ; and the Storm I've been plagued with Twenty Years, is as calm under Ground, as if she had never given an ill word in her Life ; tho' she'd out-roar a Boatswain, give worse Language than his Mate ; and, to my great comfort, wou'd out-drink a Coxen and his Boats Crew ; which last Article made her turn Keel uppermost.

B 3

Bel:

Bel. Jun. But of all things how came you to pitch on an Inn?

Carb. You must know, Sir, most Sailors have a genius to Cookery; and Necessity very often makes us boil the Pot: Besides, Sir, I happen'd to be on board a Man of War, where the Captain had a *French Cook*, who taught me to make Fish of Flesh, and disguise a Dish so, that you shou'dn't know a piece of Mefs Beef, from a stew'd Carp. And then, Sir, another substantial Reason was, I cou'd the better afford to drink a Bottle, which I cou'd no more live without, than a Man can go to Sea without an Anchor.

Bel. Jun. You have fully answer'd me.

Carb. Sir, I dress this Wedding Dinner, which is to be the Day after To-morrow: The Gentleman lies here To-night; for he's a little foul coming off a Journey; but To-morrow he'll heave down, Scrub and Tallow, and come out as white as a Hound's Tooth. But, Sir, you don't drink; my Service to you, [*Drinks.*] adso, the Bottle's out.

Bel. Jun. Pray what is the Gentleman's Name?

Carb. *Bellair* of *Bellair-ball*, about Thirty Miles from hence: There is another Gentleman with him, who has lately had a great Estate fallen to him.

Bel. Jun. Ha, my Brother! it's mighty lucky. [*Aside.*] Is the Gentleman gone to Bed?

Carb. Sir, he made a Visit to his Mistress, and up n his return, being tired, he went to Bed.

Enter a Drawer.

Draw. Sir, your Supper is carried into your Chamber.

Bel. Landlord, you must keep me Company.

Carb.

Carb. With all my Heart, Sir; and if you can't eat your Allowance, you shall find me a good Messmate. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Sir Tristram's House.*

Enter Sir Tristram, Arabella, and Lufinda.

Sir Trist. O' my Conscience, Girl, if you like your design'd Husband, as well as I do, thou'lt thank thy old Dad for his Choice: Why, he makes no more of a Gallon of Claret, than my Hounds wou'd of a Leveret.

Luf. A very great Commendation, Sir, and doubtless the Qualification will very much endear him to my Sister.

Sir Trist. So it ought, Mrs. Pert, it's a sign of a strong Brain; a strong Brain, of a good Judgment; and I hope, Madam, you'll allow a Man of Sense to make the best Husband.

Luf. I've heard, Sir, a strong Brain to bear Wine proceeds from a continu'd Custom of Drinking; and a continual Drinker, is a certain sign of a Sot: and I hope, Sir, you'll allow a Sot to be the worst of Husbands.

Sir Trist. Why, you young Slut, can't a Man take his Bottle without being a Sot? I say, if Mr. *Bellair* flinch'd his Glass, he shou'd be no Son-in-Law of mine: Besides, Hussy, what greater Encomium can be given to any Man, than there is to a good Fellow, *in Vino Veritas*? that is, Mrs. Prattlebox, he always speaks Truth.

Luf. If you remember the Proverb, Sir, so do Children and Fools.

Sir Trist. Hussey, I say that — why look you now, you preverse Jade, I say — adod, I say, if you speak another Word against us good Fellows, you had as good talk Treason, and I won't own you as one of my Off-spring.

Luf. Why, Sir, you wou'd not have me drink, to prove my Descent?

Sir Trist. Well, Mrs. Prate-a-pace, if I wou'd not have you drink, I won't allow you to rail at us honest Fellows, who know how to live; that is, who know how to make a right use of the Blessing of the Vine: What can make such powerful Changes, as glorious Wine? It makes the Miser Liberal, the Poor forget his Wants, the Coward Brave, and the Blockhead Eloquent: It renews our Youth, and in short, Madam Tittle-tattle, it gives an Air of Mirth and Joy to the Miserable; nay, it even sets Prisoners at Liberty.

Luf. I have heard of many, Sir, who have drunk themselves into a Goal; but never of one who drunk his way out.

Sir Trist. Hussey, I speak metaphorically.

Luf. Then Sir, they're merry, rich, young, and at liberty in Imagination only.

Sir Trist. Lookye now — this preverse Girl will have the last Word; pray (Mrs. To-and-again) in what does all our Happiness consist, but in Imagination? but let me hear you say a Word more, and I'll wash it down your Throat with a Bumper.

Luf. I have done, Sir.

Sir Trist. I'm sure my *Arabella* approves my Choice; she has had six Months to consider on it, and has made no other Objection than that modest one, of desiring to live single. What say'st thou, my Girl?

Ara.

Ara. Sir, I have no other than what you mention'd; and that, since it's your Pleasure to have it otherways, I shall forbear to think of.

Sir Trist. Well, I'll leave you, it grows late; and that Girl has talk'd 'till I'm quite dizzy. Come *Lucy*, we'll kiss, Friends, [*kisses 'em both*] bless you both; but if ever you speak a Word more, I'll have four monstrous She Bacchanalians shall toss you in a Blanket. [*Exit.*]

Lus. Well, Sister, you're an happy Woman. My Father has provided for you; but I'll warrant he thinks some Years hence time enough for your younger Sister; but prithee, dear *Arabella*, tell me how do you really stand affected to this Match?

Ara. Since my Father denies me the pleasure of being Mistress of my own Actions in a single Life, I am of Opinion Mr. *Bellair* may make as good a Husband as any other of the Sex.

Lus. Nay, the Truth on't is, the Man has a reasonable share of Sense; he's well made, has travell'd, can give you a diverting Account of other Countries, and has a large Estate of his own; but, there is one thing which with me casts a Blemish on the whole, which is a certain Haughtiness that breaks thro', and discovers it self in all his Actions: He is certainly very Proud, and such a Man is commonly Ill-natur'd. I may compare him to a large Jewel with a Flaw in it. Besides, I have heard he endeavours basely to blacken and supplant his Brother with his Uncle Sir *William Wiseman*; which, if true, is barbarous, for he has a general good Character.

Ara. If you never marry, Sister, 'till you find a Man without a Fault, I fear you'll never glad my Father with a Grandchild.

Lus. You're mistaken, Sister; I've a Man in my Eye, who is Gay without being Ridiculous, Witty

10 *The Younger Brother : Or,*

Witty without Affectation, Judges without Partiality, and never by Appearance: He's Obliging to all, Familiar with few, and those Men of Distinction for their Worth: He can Converse with the greatest without Obsequiousness or Flattery, and with the meanest without making himself Cheap. He has improv'd by his Travels, and by his Study has made himself useful to his Country. Then for the Ladies he can Dance, Sing, play on the Spinner, entertain them with Characters without Detraction, talks *French* and *Italian*, dresses like a Gentleman, always clean and never foppish.

Ara. And the first Letter of his Name is——
Horatio.

Luf. You must needs guess the Man, when the Picture's drawn so much to the Life.

Ara. I find, Sister, *Horatio's* for your Mony.

Luf. Nay, Sister, if he takes the Bag, he's like to take the Baggage with it.

Ara. How do you know he'll be of that Mind?

Luf. Lookye, when he accompany'd Mr. *Bellair* a woin, he took all Opportunities of telling me of a more than ordinary Passion for me, to which I gave more than ordinary Credit; for I am certain he must be sincere in his Expressions, who is strictly just in his Actions.

Ara. And so, *Lufinda*, you exchang'd Hearts?

Luf. Prithee, do'st think I am not Woman enough to dissemble? No, no; tho' I own he's the only Man I wou'd marry, yet with him I steer'd a middle Course, and gave neither Hopes nor Despair.

Ara. But suppose, Sister, this proves only a piece of Gallantry? Men you know make no Scruple of saying things to Women they never think of after; they even believe it no Crime to back the greatest Falsities with the most solemn Asseverations.

Luf.

The Sham Marquis.

11

Luf. Sister, I can suppose no such thing. *Horatio* can't be guilty of harbouring the least dishonourable Thought, much more of committing an Infamous Action; and for those Men, who perpetrate such Villanies, you find 'em of so vile a Character, that he who values his Reputation, wou'd not be seen with 'em. It's commonly those Rakes who give themselves the Name of Men of Fire, whose Lewdness of Life has overcome the Checks of Conscience, and whose Folly has hurried 'em past Shame. A Man of Honour thinks the Breach of Faith the same, whether to Man or Woman.

Ara. I find you've got upon a Subject will make you forget it's past Eleven.

Luf. What, you think I talk more than my share? Come, I'll say no more of *Horatio*, but to oblige you, turn the Discourse, and talk of your intended Spouse.

Ara. Indeed Sister, I'll to Bed.

Luf. And Dream of him?

Ara. Thou'rt a mad Girl; will you go to Bed? If not, I'll leave you.

Luf. I'm not very sleepy; and were my Wedding as near as yours, I think I shou'dn't go to Bed To-night. I'm sure Sister, however you may dissemble it, you must be hugely pleas'd to be so soon marry'd to a Man with but one apparent Fault, and several apparent Manors, a noble Seat, rich Furniture, fine Liveries, a Coach and Six, and

Ara. You'll never give over; so, Sister, good Night. [Exit.]

Luf. Nay, if this won't tempt you from a single Life,

Dye you a Maid, and I *Horatio's* Wife. [Exit.]

SCENE

S C E N E III. *The Inn.*

Enter Vilnaiffance, three Highwaymen his Companions as Servants, with Carbuncle.

Vil. Vel Maître, vat you tinck it be de Clock ?

Carb. It's time to call the Watch, Sir; that is, about Four.

Viln. Four, ver vell, vat me ave for de Soupir.

Carb. Sir, our Fire's out; and by that time it's kindled, and any thing got ready, it will be broad Day.

Viln. Quoi ?

1 *Highw.* Il dit Monseigneur qu'il serra bientôt jour, & qu'il luy est impossible d'apreter aucun chose devant que le Soleil se leve.

Carb. Pray what may I call your Master ?

2 *Highw.* Le Marquis de Montpelier.

Viln. Vel Landalord lette me ava de Soupir, me no be shamed to ave de Sun see a me Eat. Get a de Fricassé ou de Lapins garré if ye ave any.

Carb. Yes, my Lord, I have some curious green Rabbits, with an Haûtgout may be smelt from the Forecastle to the great Cabbin; and when the Fire's kindled, they shall be toss'd up in less time than wou'd take to haul in a Log-line.

Viln. Bring a some Vine.

Carb. In a moment, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Viln. Well, we may lay aside our broken *English*, and speak as plain as twenty Years Residence here has taught us. Sure they wont have the Impudence to suspect a *French* Marquis with this Equipage, and just arriv'd, for this Robbery ?

3 *Highw.* I hope not; only two appear'd in the Robbery with cropt Horses and false Ears; which I think may protect us, tho' they cou'd Swear to the Colour.

Viln.

Viln. But I can tell you, Friends, a very great Misfortune; tho' we have taken a considerable Booty in Jewels and Mony, yet I have suffer'd a considerable Loss: I've lost my Heart.

2 *Highbw.* It's the first time I ever heard you had one.

Viln. Oh Poultroon, do you remember the Lady we took the Jewels from? It's she has undone me.

3 *Highbw.* What, you have got so much to your Share, you'll run Mad with the Mony?

Viln. No, no, I know the Lady's Name and Fortune; she has 2000 *l. per Ann.*

1 *Highbw.* She may the better bear the Loss.

Viln. But I'm in Love with her.

2 *Highbw.* I don't wonder at it.

Viln. Ay, but I must marry her.

3 *Highbw.* Faith, I doubt that.

Viln. She's mighty fond of Quality, especially those of our Nation.—My Brother was her Footman, and she gave him 4 *l.* a Year extraordinary because he is a *Frenchman*. Gad, I believe if she knew she was robb'd by the *French* she wou'dn't prosecute us.

1 *Highbw.* The Devil take him who trusts her.

Viln. But when all's done, I can't see how the taking Goods from an *English* Subject can be properly term'd a Robbery.

3 *Highbw.* Why, what a Devil can't call it?

Viln. A fair Reprisal; their King owes me Mony; and I levy or distrain, which you please to call it, on his Subjects.

2 *Highbw.* Why, you Impudent Dog, how does the King owe you Mony?

Viln. Did not I quit my Trade, Religion and Country to come here for a Pension; and it is now above ten Days since the last Quarter is become

14 *The Younger Brother : Or,*

come due; and is not then the King in my Debt, Monsieur Poultroun? what say you?

2 *Highbw.* I think your Case very hard, truly; for you left as many Customers as any Barber in *Montpelier* had.

Viln. You must know, my Friends, I intend to court this Lady we robb'd. Her Name is *Maria*, and she comes down to a Relation's Wedding.

1 *Highbw.* Well, the *English* may say what they please of the *Irish* Impudence; but I'm sure he knows nothing of a *French* Refugee, who gives that Nation the Bell for Assurance.

Viln. Why, you Rascal, don't you know Modesty is rewarded with Rags?

2 *Highbw.* But suppose, Sir, we run the risque of staying in this Town, and your Lordship's Title and unparallel'd Impudence gains the Lady, what Gleanings will you leave in the Field after you have got in your Harvest?

Viln. Two thousand Pounds a-piece, Gentlemen.

2 *Highbw.* Fortune attend you; a goodly fight of Yellows.

3 *Highbw.* I'll then defie both Jury, Judge and Gallows.

Viln. Take care to speak very bad *English*.

Enter Carbuncle.

Carb. My Lord, your Breakfast, I mean your Supper, is on the Table.

Viln. Allons.

[Exit with Carb. and one *Highbw.* follows.]

3 *Highbw.* Hearkye, I begin to fancy my self a very modest Fellow.

2 *Highbw.* O'my Conscience I believe the Rogue will succeed, for she's a perfect Coquet by Character; the Fellow's handsome enough: I think
I

I need not mention his extraordinary Assurance; but how the Devil he'll get to Speak to her I can't imagine.

a Highw. Faith, he'll break into the House, rather than want an Opportunity; but let us to the back of his Chair, least our Landlord thinks his Lordship's Servants remiss. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *Sir Tristram's House.*

Enter Sir Tristram and a Servant. Sir Tristram in his Nightgown.

Sir Trist. **W**Ho's there? [*Enter a Servant.*] Order the Coachman to put a Sett of Horses to——

Serv. If you please, Sir, to let your Servant to tye a Sett of spare Harness behind; the Rogues have cut my Lady's to pieces.

Sir Trist. Do so; and, do you hear, make haste: I'll fetch my Cousin my self.——Is any body with her?

Serv. A Lady who is related to Mr. *Bellair*, her Name is *Violetta*.

Sir Trist. Has my Cousin lost much?

Serv. All her Jewels, which, she says, are worth Two Thousand Pound, and a purse of One Hundred Guineas; but the worst is, the Rogues bound the Ladies, as well as us; and they stood bound to a Tree near Four Hours, before any of the Servants got at Liberty; I wish it does not give 'em their Deaths.

Sir Trist. Get to the Fire; and let the Butler——

Enter Butler.

oh! here he is;—get this Fellow a good Breakfast, and try if my Strong Beer has Strength to expel the cold of his last Night's Lodging. [*Exit.*

Butl.

Butl. Sir, that's the way, I'll follow you.

Serv. By no means, Sir.

Butl. I'm at home, Sir; I beg, no Ceremony.

Serv. If you shew me the way——

Butl. I shall blush to Death——pray Sir——

Serv. I won't stir a foot, Sir.

Butl. Well, Sir, since you command me, I will shew you the way.—— [Going] No, Sir, I cannot be so unmannerly. [Turns back.

Serv. Pray, Sir, go on—— [Thrusts him out] A Pox on that formal old Fool, I shall lose my Breakfast with his Fopperies. [Aside.] [Exeunt.

Enter Bellair Senior, and House-keeper, meeting.

House-k. Your Servant, Mr. Bellair.

Bel. Sen. Mrs. are your young Ladies stirring?

House-k. Mrs. quotha! I think my Distraction, and Place as House-keeper to Sir *Tristram*, merit the Title of Madam. [Aside.

Bel. Sen. I fancy the Woman's thick of hearing. [He bawls in her Ears.] Is your Lady, Mrs. *Arabella*, stirring?

House-k. It's very likely she may, and it's very probable she may not. Sir, I am a Gentlewoman distracted from an Ancient Family, and never was so affronted in my Life. You are not in your Kennel, that you need halloe so; I thank my Stars I've all my seven Senses in good order: I can see without Spectacles, hear without a Trumpet, eat Nuts without the help of Crackers; and can perceive when I'm affronted as well as other People. I know good Manners, and am sensible nothing becomes a Gentleman more, than to use it to those whose Misfortunes have seduced them. [Exit.

[*Butler crosses the Stage.*]

Bel. Sen. Hark ye, Friend.

Butl. Oh dear Sir, have you heard the Misfortune?

Bel. Sen. Misfortune! Speak, what Misfortune?

Butl. Oh, Sir, a most dire Mischance. My Master's just gone with the Coach and Six, as fast as Postillion and Coachman can drive him——

Bel. Sen. Where is he gone in such haste? What Misfortune has happen'd? ——

Butl. Ah poor Lady! She'll never recover it: No, it's impossible; she's a gone Woman. I wish she don't dye before he comes back: She had a terrible Night on't: My Heart akes for her, poor Gentlewoman, to be cut off in the Flower, in the Blossom of her Age, by such an Accident. Now the Bloom's on the Plumb to have it blasted, indeed it's great pity, great pity truly, very great pity.

Bel. Sen. Are your young Ladies well? He's not gone for a Doctor, I hope?

Butl. Alas, Sir, a Doctor can do the poor Lady no Service.

Bel. Sen. How this Fellow racks me.——Tell me how do your Ladies do.

Butl. Why, Sir, have they been out of Order? Good lack, I find one Misfortune never comes alone. Dear Heart, are they ill? I never heard a word on't before.

Bel. Sen. Sirrah, were you my Servant, I'd cane you out of your Impertinence.

Butl. I had best leave you, Sir, least you take a fancy to beat my Master's Butler.

[*Going, Bellair seizes him by the Collar, and brings him back.*]

Bel.

The Sham Marquis.

19

Bel. Sen. Sirrah, if you don't answer me directly to my Question, I shall make bold to give you that Correction, your Master, if he were here, wou'd think you deserve.

Butl. Why——why, Sir, you wou'dn't beat my Master's Servant?

Bel. Sen. Were I not very sure he wou'd thank me for it.

Butl. Indeed, Sir, you'll lay no Obligation on him or me, in beating me for nothing.

Bel. Sen. Answer me quickly then; how do your young Ladies?

Butl. Pray, Sir, let me go, and I'll tell you any thing; the thickness of that Cane puts me under Apprehensions may annoy your Sense of Smelling——

Bel. Sen. Well, now, Sir, tell me——

[*Lets him go.*]

Butl. Why, Sir, I tell you, whenever I come within your reach again, you shall Souse, as well as Collar me.

[*Runs off.*]

Bel. Sen. Sure the Impudence of the Servant can't be by Encouragement of the Master: Cou'd I believe Sir *Tristram* wou'd pass over this Affront, tho' I love his Daughter, and he gives a considerable Fortune, I wou'd this Minute return home, and leave him to provide her another Husband.

[*The Clerk crossing the Stage bows and goes on.*]

Bel. Sen. Harkye, I think you are Sir *Tristram's* Clerk.

Clerk. At your Honour's Service.

Bel. Sen. How do the Ladies?

Clerk. I believe they are well, Sir; they were so last Night.

Bel. Sen. Are they up?

Clerk. I suppose they are, for the Tea is ready; if your Honour pleases to walk into the Parlour, I'll send their Maid to let 'em know you are here.

Bel. Sen. You'll oblige me. This Man can make an Answer. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II. *The Inn.*

Enter Bellair Jun. Carbuncle and Jerry.

Bel Jun. Landlord, is Mr. *Bellair* up?

Carb. Up, Sir! Why he has been gone to his Mistress this half Hour, and better. I'll warrant he cou'd no more be from her now, than a paid off Sailor can be easy with his Money; and in a few Months, I don't doubt, but he'll be as glad to leave her, as the same Sailor wou'd a Press Smack——but I forgot to tell you, Sir, two Ladies who were coming to this Wedding were last Night robb'd and bound in a Wood.

Bel. Jun. Do you know who the Ladies are?

Carb. No, Sir.

Bell. Jun. I pity their Misfortunes, as they are Women. Pray what Horses came in this Morning so early? Some to the Wedding, I suppose——

Carb. No, Sir, it is a *French* Marquis (just come over to see *England*) and three Footmen: If many of them come with such Stomachs, they'll raise the Price of Meat: Why, he made no more of a couple of stinking Rabbits, than a Sherk wou'd of a Skip-jack.

Bel. Jun. What do his Servants call him?

Carb. The Marquis *de Montpellier*. Does your Honour make any Stay in *Canterbury*?

Bel.

The Sham Marquis.

21

Bel. Jun. I believe 'till this Wedding is over, my Business being with the Bridegroom.

Carb. What do you order for Dinner, Sir?

Bel. Jun. Roast Rabbits.

Ferry. But remember, Landlord, they are not for a *French* Marquis.

Carb. That is, you wou'd not have 'em out-stink Bilge Water: I'll warrant every thing sweet and good.

Enter one of Vilnaiffance's Companions.

Comp. Landlord, my Lord be vitout Company; and desire you vill do him de grace to invitea de Gentleman be vid you to take part ov his leetel Diner.

Bel. Jun. Give my humble Service to the Marquis, and let him know I will do my self that Honour. [*Exit Comp.*]

Carb. I'll let alone your Rabbits; for my Lord has Victuals enough for the whole Corporation. He has heard much talk of *English* Beef, and has a swinging Sirloin for Dinner, a couple of Ducks, three Brace of green Corn Partridge, as many Woodcocks, and a Plumb-pudding as large as the Drum Head of a Capstorn.

Enter a Drawer.

Draw. Sir, Mr. *Bellair* is just come in.

Carb. I'll wait on him. Shall I let him know, Sir, that you wou'd speak with him?

Bell. Jun. Pray do.

[*Exeunt Carb. and Drawer.*]

Ferry. Now am I in the Agonies of a young Bride; I both wish and dread this Meeting; my Hopes and Fears make my Heart rise and fall like a Weather-glass.

The Younger Brother: Or,

Bel. Jun. Banish your Fears, *Jerry*; my Brother always express'd a tender Affection for me.

Jerry. Ay, Sir, but then you had no occasion to put him to a tryal. I fear, Sir, his Affections are like a Metal I've seen, which to the Eye is Gold, but evaporates in the Crucible.

Bell. Jun. If I fail in my expected Reception,——

Jerry. We won't lose our Labour a second time.

Bel. Jun. I'll strait to Town, where my *Maria's* Kindness will upbraid my Brother's Slights.

Jerry. I fear a Jew who will lend Money without Interest or Security, may as soon be met with, as a Woman who will be in Love with Poverty. Here comes your Brother: Now does my Heart ake, like the Head of a new marry'd Cit. A Visit from my Lord, to his Wife, can't give him more Uneasiness, than your Brother's haughty Looks do me; and yet Hopes make us bear the brunt, as Profit makes him run the risque.

Enter Bellair Senior; his Brother Salutes him, he returns it coldly.

Bel. Jun. Brother, I design'd you a Visit at *Bellair*; but am agreeably surpris'd to find you at *Canterbury*.

Bell. Sen. I assure you, Brother, I am mighty glad to see both you and *Jerry*——

Jerry. Hunger, I defie thee: [*Cuts a Caper*] This beginning banishes all Apprehensions of Starving.

Bel. Sen. In so good an Equipage? why, your Enemies gave out, that your Banker broke with the Money, for which you sold *Hollingborn* Estate:
That

That you had been bound for several, whose Debts you have been obliged to pay; which had forc'd you to shift your Lodgings, as often as your Linnen, for fear of Arrests.

Jer. Now is my Heart gone to visit the lower Regions of my Belly.

Bel. Jun. Leave out the latter part, the rest is true; I ever took care to be out of Debt; and tho' my Misfortunes have come thick upon me, yet there's not a Man, with whom I've dealt, can say, *Bellair's* in my Books.

Bel. Sen. I'm glad, in that Point, you've been so Prudent; Poverty, and a Goal, are very terrible: I wish you had in the rest of your Actions made use of as much Precaution; and you might still have been Master of a competent Estate.

Bel. Jun. Not my Folly, but my Misfortunes have reduc'd me.

Bel. Sen. As I take it, Brother, it was not very wisely done, to sell your Estate, and entrust one Man with the greatest part of it: Neither was it very discreet, your paying for the Extravagancies of others.

Bel. Jun. My Estate, you know, I sold for an advantageous Post; and lodg'd the Money with a reputed Substantial Man; and I think, Brother, I ought not to be upbraided for my Humanity, and the Villany of others.

Bel. Sen. You mistake me very much, Brother, if you think I've ill Manners enough to discant on your Actions. But pray what course do you intend for a Livelyhood?

Bel. Jun. That's the Cause of my present Journey; I don't doubt but you value me enough to lend me your Assistance.

Bel. Sen. I don't see how I can be servicable to you; I've no Interest to get you a Post.

Bel. Jun. Yes, you have the only Interest; lend me 1000*l.* it will buy me one, will maintain me like a Gentleman: I've hopes of marrying, and I may soon repay you.

Bel. Sen. I protest I don't know how to raise half the Money.

Bel. Jun. I can borrow the Money, if you'll be bound with me.

Bel. Sen. I did not think, Brother, you wou'd advise me to the very thing your self was ruined by.

Jer. So, our Affairs must mend very soon, for I think they are very nigh at the worst. [*Aside.*]

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, the Coach is ready.

Bel. Sen. Dear Brother, you'll excuse me; I'm to wait on some Ladies who stay for me: If you'll consider and propose any way I can serve you, you may depend upon me. [*Exit.*]

Jer. [*Aside.*] The only way I know is to hang himself; and that he'll as readily do, as part with a Penny. You may, Sir, make a running Footman of a Spaniard, before you'll persuade your Affectionate Brother to risque Ten Pound for you.

Bel. Jun. [*Pausing.*] Is there on Earth so vile a Thing as Man!

Jer. Faith no; Monkeys are preferable for their Charity: If a Companion's shot, they'll chew green Leaves, and apply 'em to the Patient, and each seems to share his Grief;

It's only Man, who can with Pleasure see
His Fellow-Creature's Want, and Misery.

But, Sir, before we turn *Timons*, I wou'd have you let your Uncle, Sir *William Wiseman*, know
your

The Sham Marquis.

25

your Misfortunes; I've more hopes from his Character, than from *Maria's* Constancy; he will doubtless be at the Wedding; for your Brother has no small Expectations there.

Bel. Jun. I'll try no more, curse on the Church Crew,

Maria only, and if she's not True,
I'll bid the trifling empty World Adieu.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *Sir Tristram's House.**Enter Sir Tristram, Violetta and Maria.*

Sir Trist. **W**Here are the Girls?
Serv. Sir, they are gone in Mr. Bellair's Coach, to meet you and the Ladies.

Sir Trist. Cousin, I don't know how to entertain you; what think you of a Dram of good *Nants*? on my word it's the most Sovereign Liquor you can drink, after your rough Treatment.

Mar. Fye, Uncle, is Brandy an Entertainment for Ladies?

Sir Trist. Ay, by my truly, and Lords too: Mrs. *Violetta*, what say you?

Viol. Indeed, Sir, I think it not unseasonable.

Mar. Defend me, Girl, thou'rt a downright Tipler.

Sir Trist. The Lady knows what's good for her, I'll fetch it my self. [Exit.

Mar. Why, *Violetta*, I believe if the old Gentleman thought a Husband was proper to expel the Cold, you wou'd hardly refuse the Proffer.

Viol. Not, if I liked him.

Mar. Why, thou'rt certainly mad.

Viol. I shou'd certainly give grounds to be thought so, did I deny what I liked.

Mar. And cou'd you really exchange your Liberty for Chains; be accountable to a Husband for all your Actions; keep only the Company he likes, and in every thing yield a blind Obedience
to

to a Husband? — fye upon't, the very Name gives me the Vapours.

Viol. I think you have a very wrong notion of Matrimony: But pray, where is the difficulty of giving Account of my Actions? I hope I shall never be guilty of any need shun the Light: As for my Company, a Man of Sense will deny me none that's proper for me to keep: (and I promise you, *Maria*, I will never marry a Fool). As to that Point of Obedience, it's only submitting our weaker Notions, to a Husband's better Judgment; and where the hardship of being well-advis'd lies, I can't find out.

Mar. Well, I'll not undertake to reclaim you; I find you too far gone for wholesome Advice to have any Effect.

Viol. *Maria*, when I hear you rail at Marriage, methinks I hear an Attorney exclaim against Cheats.

Mar. Oh Heav'ns! what does the mad Creature say! why, I hope you don't suspect me Guilty of such a Poorness of Spirit?

Viol. Come, *Maria*, you may as well make an ingenious Confession; Don't you love young *Bellair*?

Mar. Shall I confess to you; and will you be secret?

Viol. Heav'ns! how I dread her Answer! [*Aside.*] Come, Child, out with it, spread your Fan, look down, and frankly own, the Name of *Bellair* gives a softer Sound to that of Husband.

Mar. Why then I do own to you, that *Bellair* to me, above all Mankind, is the most — But will you be secret?

Viol. Upon Honour. [*Aside.*] I'm too surely lost.

Mar. Insupportable. I diverted my self awhile with him; and it gave me no small Pleasure to see his different Passions of Love, and Grief, at an affected Smile, or a sincere and hearty Frown.

Viol.

Viol. Pray Heav'n, she's sincere. [*Aside.*] Then you really do not love him?

Mar. No; but I hate him, *Violetta*, heartily.

Viol. I believe he loves you.

Mar. I'm not surpriz'd he shou'd say so; he's a sinking Man, and my Fortune may buoy him up.

Sings.] *It's Money the Lover attracts ;
It's Money makes Stars of our Eyes ;
The Frowns of a Fortune are Racks ;
For Money he Sighs, and he Dies.*

II.

*Our Smiles, when we've Money, can save ;
It's Money which gives us our Charms :
It's Money the Lover enslaves ;
It's Money he courts to his Arms.*

Viol. Nay I must own to you, a Woman with Money, is like a House well furnished ; tho' the Shell may be very agreeable, yet Furniture is a Conveniency you can't be without.

Mar. O! defend me; here comes my Uncle and his Brandy Bottle.

Enter Sir Tristram.

Sir Trist. Mars shall be Captive, the Warrior God shall yield,
And Love, to glorious *Nants*, resign the Field:
By *Nants* inspir'd, *Bacchus* shall rule chief God;
And Thund'ring *Jove* obey his drunken Nod.
Lookye, Ladies, I bring you a Dram of the best Liquor *France* affords, which may be, when you're acquainted with, you'll cool in your Aversion towards it; hear what the Poet says,

Great

Great *Jove* a Godhead to the Mortal grants,
Who first distill'd the matchless Liquor *Nants*:
For you must know, Cousin, *Bacchus* was formerly
a *French* Distiller; and when *Jove* took that ramble,
which *Ovid* mentions in his *Metamorphosis*, he en-
tertain'd the Gods with a Dram of old *Nants*.
Come, Mrs. *Violetta*, my Service to you. [*Drinks.*

Viol. Maria, you'll find a little Brandy will be of
Service to you.

Mar. Why do'st think, Girl, I can drink with
a *Salamander*?

Sir Trist. Well, well, I shan't press you: Mrs. *Vio-*
letta, are you for another Glass?

Viol. No more, Sir.

Sir Trist. Adso, here are the Girls come back:
Well, I'll put up my Bottle, and be with you in a
Moment. [*Exit.*

Enter Arabella, Lufinda, and Bellair Senior.

Ara. Dear Ladies, I'm sincerely afflicted for your
Misfortunes: And——

Mar. And——I desire, Cousin, (if you wou'd
have me in a good Humour) you will never menti-
on another word on't: Had I been sure of meeting
this Usage, it shou'd not have deterr'd my waiting
on you.

Viol. The present Pleasure banishes the remem-
brance of what we suffer'd.

Bel. Sen. The little Concern you shew for your
Loss and ill Treatment, argues an unparallel'd Friend-
ship, which, Madam, it shall be my Study to preserve.

Enter Sir Tristram with a Bottle and Glass.

Sir Trist. You are welcome home; I miss'd you,
going over my own Grounds. Here, Cousin, I
have been ransacking all my Stores, for a Bottle of
someth

30 *The Younger Brother : Or,*

something that you may Drink ; and at last I have found what I am sure you will approve of.

Mar. What have you brought, *Sir Tristram*?

Sir Trist. The Restorative of Health ; it is a Cordial which gives Colour to a pale Face, removes all Hypochondriack Histerick Fits, sweetens the Blood, creates a Stomach, is an infallible Cure for Gout or Toothach : In short, it rectifies the whole Mass of Blood, enlivens the Spirits, and disperses all Clouds of Melancholy.

Mar. This Cordial of yours, I fear, is like Quacks Pills ; it has so many Virtues, it will prove good for nothing : But pray the Name of this incomparable Liquor ?

Sir Trist. The Name, Cousin ? why the Name is— but when I have told you the Name, may be, you'll desire to know the Etymology of the word ; so in asking and answering Questions, my Liquor will be spoil'd ; Drink, Cousin, and I'll tell you the Name afterwards. [*She drinks.*] Well, how do you like it, does it not answer my Character ?

Mar. Really it's agreeable Liquor ; but still I want to know its Name.

Sir Trist. This, Cousin, is *L'Excellent & non pareil Melange D'Evroigne*——but put it about.

[*They drink round.*]

Mar. But the Name, Uncle ?

Sir Trist. Why the Ladies in the *West-Indies* call it *Florence* ; the Gentlemen in *England* call it —— but take t'other Glas. [*Maria drinks.*]

Sir Trist. They call it, (but hang me if by any Tradition, I can find the Derivation of the word) they call it——Punch, Cousin.

Mar. Skrieks.] Punch ! Oh Heav'ns ! filthy Punch ! how cou'd you be so barborous, Uncle ? Lend me your Hand, *Violetta*, my Head swims, I'm downright drunk, Oh Sick, sick, sick.

Viol. Why it has nothing of this effect upon us : How do you find your selves, Ladies ? *Luf.*

The Sham Marquis.

31

Luf. Mighty well.

Ara. I'm sorry, Cousin, you shou'd so suddenly be taken ill; it seem'd to agree with you, till my Father told the Name on't.

Mar. It's well if the filthy Liquor don't kill me; since the very Name has such violent Effects.

Sir Trist. 'Ds-heart, Cousin, this must be all Fancy; why, the Punch was made with double refined Sugar, good Lemons, and right *Nants*; and how the Devil it can make you Sick, I can't imagine; but I'll take care none of my Liquor shall be lost on you for the future. If I know any in my House give you stronger Liquors than Coffee or Tea, I'll cut their Legs off.

Bel. Sen. It would be proper, Sir, to leave the Ladies to themselves.

Sir Trist. Ay, ay — Pray take care of my Cousin, and my *Violetta*. [*Exeunt.*

Mar. Cousins, you'll oblige me to let me lye down.

Luf. We'll wait on you to your Chamber, I believe you want Rest. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the Inn.

Enter Bellair Jun. and Jerry.

Jer. Never blame Fortune; the Goddess, you see, proves much kinder than your Brother. — Why, you have fleec'd the Marquis as handsomely as a Counsellor cou'd his Client: My Blessing attend his Lordship for inviting you to Dinner, and entertaining you with so noble a Differt as Fifty Guineas, and so rich a Diamond: Why I'll warrant the Jewel worth a Hundred and Fifty Pound.

Bel. Jun. I'm doubly bound to the blind Lady; first for the Present, and next for her picking out so seasonable a time to oblige me. *Jerry*, do you step out, and enquire whose Set of fine Horses those are which just now came in.

Jer.

32 *The Younger Brother: Or,*

Jerry. Here comes my Landlord, Sir.

Enter Carbuncle.

Bel. Jun. Whose Horses came in just now?

Carb. They belong, Sir, to a Maiden Lady, one *Mrs. Maria*, the same who was robb'd. There, Sir, is a well fitted Frigot for you: She's mounted with a double Tier of Thousands *per Ann.* A Man wou'd Sail in a Storm, were he sure to make such a Prize; tho' I'll warrant she'll give a long Stern Chase before you come up with her, and stand an Engagement of some Glasses, before she's boarded.

Bel. Jun. Maria! Sure Fortune, weary of prosecuting me, grows lavish of her Favours: This is unexpected Happiness. *[Aside.]*

Carb. The Lady is come to the Wedding, and lies at *Sir Tristram's* House.

Jerry *aside to Bell. Jun.*] Sir, if you please, I'll enquire for a Chapman for the two Geldings?

Bel. Jun. What does the Fellow mean?

Jerry. Why, Sir, I suppose we shall go to Town in our Coach and Six.

Carb. I think, Sir, you have left the Marquis almost in his Balast.— *[Call within, Landlord.]*
Coming, coming. *[Exit.]*

Bel. Jun. I'll into my Chamber, and write to *Maria*; I am impatient 'till I get an Opportunity to speak to her.

Jerry. Why, Sir, your Brother will surely invite you to his Wedding, and you'll then see her.

Bel. Jun. Faith I doubt it; for he did not mention a word on't.

Jerry. Sir, if you please, I'll tell him you have Mony; and if he does not come himself to invite you, may I be Spitch-cock'd: It's natural, Sir, to respect the Rich, tho' we are sure never to get a Groat by 'em.

Bel.

Bell. No, I'll not write; Love admits no Ceremonies: And tho' I'm a Stranger to Sir *Tristram*, I'll fly to my *Maria*, whose Constancy will prove Women have Souls above a sordid Interest. [Exit.

Ferry. Now, *Mercury*, thou Protector of all Servitors, prove propitious!

Hungry Thoughts, and ragged Fears adieu,
I've now a thriving, plenteous Scene in View.

Ah! hear, ye Gods, I pray to ye by th' Dozen;
And make her Kind, or all my Hopes ye cozen:
I sink at once, from Flasks of gen'rous Red,
To Chaundlers Farthing Beer, thick, stale, and dead:
From Pheasant, Partridge, Sir-loins, Lamb, and Veal,
To Hog's Face, Tripe, to Chitterling and Heel.

[Exit after his Master.

Enter Vilnaissance.

Vil. Was the Devil in me! not only to lose the greatest Part of my Money, but such a Jewel too. I dare not let these Rogues, my Companions, know my Folly, lest they, fearing the Stone shou'd betray them, cut my Throat to save their Necks—however, they would certainly post to *London*, and then all Hopes of *Maria* vanish. Here come the Villains, I must seem chearful, whatever Cause I have for the contrary.—

Enter Vilnaissance's three Companions.

Vil. So, my dear Friends, what News?

1st. That which is very acceptable; the Lady is come to Town; I've had an Account of the Robbery from one of her own Servants; they have sent an Hue and Cry toward *London*, and we pass (without Suspicion) for Servants to *Monsieur Le Marquis*.——

2^d. I was of Opinion they wou'd never suspect our taking up our Quarters in the same Town they design'd for.

D

3^d. It's

34 *The Younger Brother : Or,*

3d. It's like hiding a pursu'd Man in *Newgate*.
Vil. Thus far we are lucky: I don't see any Thing which may frustrate our Designs on the Lady.

1st. On the contrary, I am of Opinion thou'lt carry her: Her Servants say, she never misses Prayers, if there is any one in Town she thinks worth shewing herself to. Your Lordship may visit the Cathedral, and I don't doubt but your modest Assurance will find Ways enough to be introduc'd.—

3d. Pray may I ask your Lordship, when you last saw the Inside of a Church?

Vil. When I was christen'd, *Poultroon*: But I remember you had a Qualm of Conscience come over you; and least you shou'd return to your former Course of Life, you visited a Church, and stole the Velvet Pall for a *Memento mori*.—

2d. Nay, I'll say that for *Poultroon*, he's like the Ladies who carry their Work about with 'em; he's never idle, go where he will.

1st. I wish his Work, like theirs, don't end in Knotting.

3d. If it does, I may thank such a Knot of Rogues as your Worships. —

Vil. Why, you ungrateful, pickpocket, scoundrel, cowardly Dog, Did not I take you from diving for Handkerchiefs, to incorporate you with the two worthy Gentlemen present, and my self? Did not I rig you out, put Words in your Mouth, and get you a Pension? And are these the Thanks! O *Tempora*, O *Mores*! What a World is this; not an honest grateful Man to be met with! —

2d. Fye, Mr. *Vilnaisance*, what he said was in Raillery; you shou'd not take it ill.

Vil. How a Man may be deceiv'd: Mr. *Courvite*, I took that *Poultroon* for the honestest Fellow,—but, if ever I cross a Road with him again—

1st. Hold, make no rash Vows.

Vi^l. Were it not for the Sake of these honest Gentlemen, and the Fear of a Disturbance, I wou'd cane you into good Manners; this numerical Strick shou'd teach you the Respect due to a Gentleman. *[Exit in a Huff.]*

3^d. What! threaten'd to be caned! I'll—*[Very loud.]*

2^d. Zounds, he'll hear ye.

3^d—have his Blood. *[Softly.]*

1st. Look ye, Mr. *Poultroon*, he has usurp'd a Command over us all, which, for my Part, I am heartily tir'd of: I know the Rogue's a Coward; but the Mischief is, we know our selves the same. Now, if you'll be rul'd by me, we will, for our own Sakes, carry on his Project; and, if he fails in it, we'll cut his Throat, and make off with his Share of our last Plunder.

2^d. Upon my honest Word, a very good Proposal.

3^d. But how shall we get our Horses away?

1st. We'll pretend he's ill, and desires to have no body come into his Chamber: You know we have always water'd the Horses our selves; and at Watering-time we will e'en leave to the Town the Honour of interring the Marquis.

3^d. Nothing can be better laid: I'm for it.

2^d. I agree to it with all my Soul; but let us separate, lest he suspects we have some Design.

[Exeunt severally.]

Enter Sir William Wiseman, Horatio, and Carbuncle.

Carb. Sir William Wiseman, I am heartily glad to see your Honour in Canterbury. Mr. Horatio, you are as welcome to me, as a Mefs of fresh Meat to an Half-allowanc'd Sailor.

Sir Wm. Mr. Carbuncle, I thank you; we shall take up our Quarters with you while we stay;

Sir *Tristram's* House will be full of Company, and my Lying there will create him Trouble, and give my self Uneasiness.——

Carb. Sir *Tristram* expected your Honour last Night.

Sir Wm. I shou'd have been here Yesterday, but that I was robb'd, and lay in a Ditch all Night. I overtook *Horatio* within two Miles of the Town.

Carb. I am heartily sorry for it; but you are not the only Prize these Land-Pirates have made; they boarded Mrs. *Maria's* Coach, rummag'd her Hold, and carry'd off the most valuable Part (if not all) of her Cargo, and then cut her Rigging in pieces, so that she cou'd not make Sail again, till Sir *Tristram* took her in Tow. But what Wine do you drink, Gentlemen? ——

Hor. Have you any *French*?

Carb. Has a Ship three Masts? I'll bring you a Flask you shall be as well pleas'd with, as an idle Tar with a Trade-Wind. [Exit.

Sir Wm. *Horatio*, there's a Wife for you: What Objection can you have to *Maria*, a Lady young, rich, and beautiful?

Hor. Cou'd you add the other Epithets of prudent and sincere, yet my Friendship to your Nephew *Charles* bars all Thoughts of *Maria*.

Sir Wm. Why, *Horatio*, can you be so unfashionable, as to profess a Friendship for a Man who's poor?

Hor. He can never be so who has your Nephew's Virtues; his Misfortunes may have ruin'd his Estate, but can never deprive him of that Humanity, Bravery, and Justice, that generous and obliging Temper, good Sense, and nice Honour, all who know him must allow conspicuous in the unfortunate *Bellaïr*.

Sir Wm. I wish he answer'd the Character your Friendship gives him.

Ho.

Hor. Sir, I may be allow'd to know him better than any other: When my Father's Misfortunes had ruin'd his Estate, and left my Sister and self two helpless Orphans, your Brother's Humanity gave us a kind Reception: The youngest *Bellair* and I, being of an Age, were put to the same School, enter'd the same College, and went thro' the same Studies; we lov'd one another as Brothers, and contracted from our Infancy a Friendship, which wou'd allow him to keep nothing a Secret to me: He did me the Honour to consult me in almost every Action, not one of which but was consonant to the strictest Rules of Virtue: I was his Companion in his Travels, and a Witness of the great Esteem he acquir'd in every Place of our Residence. Thus, Sir, we have from Children been never asunder; 'till my Uncle's Death, who left me and my Sister Joint-Heirs to his Estate, oblig'd me to go to the *West-Indies*, where his Effects lay. Upon my Return to Town I've heard of my Friend's Misfortunes, and think my self happy that I have it in my Power, by sharing my Fortunes with him, to repair his, and convince him of the Sincerity of my Friendship.

Sir Wm. *Horatio*, you shew a generous Friendship; but this Account is far different from that I have had of him: I had a Character the very Reverse of what you speak him; and I fear his Poverty is more owing to his Vices than to his Misfortunes.

Hor. His Principles were always above a base Action, and he has too much Sense to be guilty of a foolish one.

Sir Wm. What do you account the keeping Whores and Race-horses, and the lavishing his Estate among Bullies and Sharpers?

Hor. I account 'em Follies he cou'd not be guilty of; you are wrong inform'd, *Sir William*: I have already told you, the Reason of his selling his Estate was the buying a Regiment; how he lost the Money I need not repeat to you. I had this Account from the Colonel with whom he had agreed, who is a Man of Probity, and who very much lamented his Misfortune; for *Bellair* himself I have not seen since my Arrival, tho' I made a diligent Enquiry after him.

Sir Wm. I fear, indeed, he is not to be found among the Company you keep.

Hor. *Sir William*, I know you so just, that I shou'd wonder if you receiv'd an ill Opinion of any, (especially so near a Relation) 'till you were sure he deserv'd it.

Sir Wm. Suppose I had this Character from his Brother?

Hor. I am very unwilling to suppose the Son of my Patron can be guilty of so unmanly a Crime as Detraction, or by such a Villainy call his Birth in Question.

Enter Carbuncle.

Carb. *Sir William*, if you please to clap upon your Starboard-tack, you'll weather the Bar, and come to an Anchor in a Room as clean as a new scrap'd Deck, where you'll find a Bottle of as good *French* as any the Regent drinks at his own Mefs.

Sir Wm. I'll follow you, Landlord; for I shall never find it by your Directions.—— Come *Horatio*. [Exit.

Hor. How deficient are our Laws, in not punishing Detraction equally with the worst of Crimes: The poor Fellow whose Necessities oblige him to rob, that he may eat, is immediately executed, as
a Wretch

a Wretch who burthens the Earth; but he who robs you of your good Name, shall be caress'd as agreeable Company. [Exit after Sir William.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Sir Tristram's House.*

Enter Maria and Violetta.

Maria. LET me dye, *Violetta*, if the *French* Marquis we saw viewing the Cathedral, is not a most engaging Man. How handsomely he introduc'd himself, when my Curiosity led me to follow the Verger, who shew'd him the Church!

Violet. I have a very different Opinion of him. Indeed he address'd himself to us (or to you rather) with the Assurance of a seven Years Acquaintance.

Mar. That—— that very Action shews the Man of Quality; Well, the *French* Breeding is certainly the most agreeably pretty—— An *English* Gentleman shall be half a Year acquainted with you, before you can get more out of him, than *Tes, Madam*, and *No, Madam*; but the *French* Gentleman is never a Stranger to you; and a Minute will make him as familiar and as well acquainted as a Year's Conversation.

Violet. The Marquis has given sufficient Demonstration of what you say; for I think he made no Scruple to tell you of a Conquest.——

Mar. Why not, *Violetta*! I thank Fate, neither Age nor Wrinkles have given me Reason to doubt the Marquis's Sincerity, and as to——

Enter Bellair, Jun.

[*She Sbricks*].—Oh Heav'ns! how came this odious Man to Canterbury! [*Aside.*

Bell. Jun. Here, my *Maria*, [*Kneels, takes her Hand and kisses it.*] let me pay my Vows to Heaven for this so much desir'd and unexpected Blessing.—

Mar. What mean you, Sir? [*In a Surprise.*

Viol. I can never bear to see him ill-treated, tho' by my Rival; her Usage of him gives me an Uneasiness, almost equal to that of his loving her.

[*Exit.*

Bell. Jun. How! I promis'd my self a far different Reception from my *Maria*.

Mar. You had very little Grounds to make your self that Promise.

Bell. Jun. I thought a Confession of Love, from your Mouth, when last I parted from you, sufficient Grounds to build my Hopes upon.

Mar. I don't remember any such Confession; but, to avoid all Pro's and Con's on that Head, granting what you say to be so, I am not now of the same Mind; and I hope you'll not be surpriz'd at the Unsteadiness of a Woman's Temper.

Bell. Jun. Come, my *Maria*, it's Time to lay aside this Mask; why do you take Delight to torture me? I am sure your Tongue and Heart don't agree in this Usage.

Mar. Upon my Word, Mr. *Bellair*, I tell you truly, they do.

Bell. Jun. I'll baulk her Vanity; Poverty has fix'd her Resolutions too firmly for my Endeavours to remove them. [*Aside.*] Then I may, Madam, depend on you as a Woman of your Word?

Mar. You may; I think I shall not be of another Humour, I won't be certain; Women, you know, are fickle.

Bell.

Bell. Jun. Now wou'd some People rant like a Hero on the Stage; call you all the false Ingratefuls, and I know not what: But I, *Maria*, have more Love, Manners, and Conscience. I cou'd not value you, did I endeavour to cross your Inclinations; I shou'd be very unmannerly, did I not approve of your Ladyship's Resolutions; and have very little Conscience, cou'd I hope you wou'd prefer my Ease to your own. *[Bowling,*

Mar. Oh how this Indifference galls me! *[Aside]* I find Mr. *Bellair* the Man I suspected him, one who can remove his Heart with as much Ease as he can make a Conquest. I see you pleas'd with my feign'd Indifference, and glad of an Opportunity to break with the Woman who loves you.

Bell. Jun. The Turn's too sudden, Madam; you change your Key with a great deal of Art; but it won't do: I shall never dance after the Musick.

Mar. Now all the Cunning of my Sex assist me to be reveng'd on this Indifference: *[Aside.]* By all my Hopes of Happiness on Earth, I am the very same I was when last we parted.

Bell. Jun. I readily believe it, Madam.

Mar. All that I said was false, as my Love's unfeign'd; witness these Tears, which from my o'er-charg'd Heart make a forbidden Passage at my Eyes.

Bell. Jun. Oh! forgive me, *Maria*, the poor Suspicion, thou loveliest, tenderest of thy Sex. The Indifference I feign'd, rack'd me to my Soul: Invention cannot find Torments can answer to those few Moments

Mar. Oh! *Bellair*, I am lost, if the Indifference you shew'd is, as, alas! too much I fear it, real, and your Passion feign'd, if you don't love me,

Enter

Enter Vilnaiffance.

Vil. So, I find my Market's over. [*Afide.*

Bell. Jun. Oh! I love thee with a Passion too violent for Time to abate of it; my Life, my Study, shall be your Ease, and——

Mar. And I am extreamly glad to hear it, Ha, ha, ha!

Vil. Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Oh! *Monsieur le Marquis*, are you there! What does your Lordship so heartily laugh at?

Vil. At de ver same ting dat diverta your Ladyship. Pray vat make your Ladyship so ver merry?

Mar. I laugh to think what a silly Creature is Man.

Vil. Morbleu, a ver good Jest, Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. *Monsieur le Marquis*, that's my Lover; pray mind what a melancholy Figure the poor Gentleman makes.

Vil. *Tête bleu* he look ver foolis.

Bell. Jun. Sir, you'll find the Ladies may take a Privilege will be dangerous to any else.

Vil. Dangerous! vell vat me minda dangier, vendredi de dangier be vat givea me de ver great Contentment.

Mar. Mr *Bellair*, the Marquis and I have a little Business; if you'll make me a Visit to Morrow, you may chance to find me in another Humour; you are sensible Women are not long in the same.

Vil. Ay, to Morr Monsieur de Lady be at Leisure.

Bell. Jun. Sir, the Lady protects you here. May he who ever thinks a Woman true, Be jilted and abus'd, as I'm by you. [*Exit.*

Mar. Ha, ha, ha!

Vil. Ha, ha, ha!

[*Both laugh together.*

Mar.

Mar. [*repeats*] May he who ever thinks, Ha, ha, ha, a Woman true, Ha, ha, ha!

Vil. [*repeats*] Be de Jilt, and de abuse too, Ha, ha, ha! Morbleu, Madam, your Wit be sharp as de Razor; but, Madam, me must tella your Ladyship, dat me nevre ope to kissa de Hand of de younga King me Maistre, if your Ladyship no ave de Compassion for my Suffring.

Mar. *Monsieur le Marquis*, you are mighty pleasant; Ha, ha, ha!

Vil. Ha, ha, ha! but, Madam, you laugh at my Passion; you makea de Robbery, and den you makea de Jest; ver pret Fashion.

Mar. Pray, *Monsieur le Marquis*, what do you tax me with? for I am intirely Ignorant.—

Vil. *Tête bleu*, you, likea de great Rogue, who robba every body; he be so usua to de tieving, dat he steal when he no design it: So your Eyes be so acoutume to steala de Arts, dat me no be surprizea if you are ignorant dat you 'ave robba me, among de great Nombre, you daily makea your Prisoner: If you no restorea me me Art, or makea me de ample Satisfaction, me indicta you for de Teft.

Mar. I shall plead not guilty.

Vil. Me fall bring a ver good Witness dat your Tongue binda all my Senses, while your Eyes makea de Robbery; and der will be great many appear against you to prove dis no be de first Time; and when Judge *Cupid* 'ave Notice you be de old Offender: A, ha, Madam, vat you tink become 'ave you den; ha! vat you tink, Madam?

Mar. I believe your Lordship can't make out your Charge, or prove you have sustain'd much Loss.—

Vil. You 'avea de stollen Goods abouta you; it be marka vid your Ladyship's Face, and Shape; and de Motto be *Constancy*.—

Mar.

Mar. Allowing it, your Lordship can desire no more than Restitution.

Vil. Ah, Madam, you can no restore it ; you 'ave so many Charm, dat you vil allure it back de Minute you vou'd return it; nay, do I vas tousand Mile off.

Mar. I don't, my Lord, know how to make you Satisfaction, you raise so many Difficulties.

Vil. Madam, you must givea your Heart in Exchange, and me discharge me Action ; you must agree to dis, or I arrest you in de Name of de lietle great God *Cupid*. [Seizes her Hand.

Mar. Since no other Satisfaction will be accepted, I must endeavour my Escape. [Runs off.

Vil. Nay, me no loosea my Prisoner so. Sure they are mad who Impudence despise, At least give strongest Proofs they're not o'erwise. [Runs after.

Enter Sir William Wiseman, and Sir Tristram.

Sir Trist. By *Bacchus*, Sir *William*, this Wedding, I think, will renew my Age ; had I but a good Match for *Lusinda*, the Joy of seeing my Girls happily dispos'd of, would make me cast my Skin like a Snake ; all Care would then be off my Hands ; except that of getting good Wine and a sober Buttlér.

Sir Wm. I had a Nephew, this Gentleman's Brother, to whom I design'd the better Part of my Estate, I wish he had continu'd to deserve it : For him I did propose to ask *Lusinda*.

Sir Trist. What's his Fault, Sir *William* ? If he drinks, why, it's a Recommendation to me ; he who won't drink, is a designing Knave. If he wenches, I shall have the greater Hopes of a Grandson, and he has the more Need of a Wife to reclaim him. If he games, you may tie your Estate so

so that he can't touch it, and then no body will play with him: I can make no Objection to him, if he does not want Bravery; for a Coward's Fear makes him a Tool to all.

Sir Wm. No, *Sir Tristram*, he's Brave, if a wicked, lewd Fellow, guilty of all Debauchery, can be call'd so, without a Paradox; but I shall otherwise dispose of my Estate, so we'll change the Discourse.

Sir Trist. How came you to name him? If you design to do nothing for him, never think of him more.

Sir Wm. It's the greatest Affliction I have; and it's some Ease to impart our Sorrows to our Friends.

Sir Trist. Let me then advise you, *Sir William*, not to proceed rashly in any Thing concerning your Estate; one rash Action very often begets a Life's Repentance. Your Nephew may be reclaim'd; and when you wou'd encourage his Virtue, how wou'd it grieve you, that you had too severely punish'd the Flights of his Youth, by putting it out of your Power?

Sir Wm. You are arguing against your Daughter's Interest; for I design my Estate to your Son-in-law.

Sir Trist. By *Bacchus*, I wou'd not have my Girl's Fortune rais'd upon the Ruins of another's. Consider, *Sir William*, whether or no you are not about to disinherit your Nephew for the very Faults your Youth was guilty of; we are not to expect Twenty Two to have the Discretion and Experience of Sixty odd.

Sir Wm. You wou'd not have me, *Sir Tristram*, follow a Man with an Estate, and court him to let me do him Service? — He has never been near me since his Follies have beggar'd his Fortunes.

Sir Trist. May be he is sensible of his Mistake, and conscious he does not deserve your Favour; and

and so his Modesty, not his Want of Respect, may keep him from you.

Sir Wm. Come, *Sir Tristram*, I'll propose a Match to you, — What think you of *Horatio*? He's a pretty Gentleman, and Master of a plentiful Fortune.

Sir Trist. Adod, I like the young fellow mightily.

Sir Wm. Shall I propose it to him?

Sir Trist. I give my Consent, if the Lad approves on't, and the Girl is not averse to it; for my Obstinacy, *Sir William*, shall never make my Children unhappy. I had better bury the poor Girls alive, than marry 'em where they don't like — a forc'd Match is very often the Ruin of a good Family — But your Nephew and *Horatio* will imagine I have no Wine in my Cellar, and that we have left 'em with the Women to swill their Guts with Tea: By *Bacchus*, I wou'd not have the Reflection on my House for a Ship Load of dry Leaves. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Violetta and Lusinda.

Viol. Since, *Lusinda*, you have repos'd so generous a Confidence in me, and trusted me with your Love to my Brother, I should make an ungrateful Return, did I keep any Thing secret to you — Know then, I am so unhappy as to love the Man who has a Passion for another; and sigh for him who is slighted by *Maria* — The youngest *Bellair* is now in *Canterbury*; but I fear, by what my Rival tells me of her Treatment, he will immediately leave the Town; and I wou'd give the World to see him — How far happier, my *Lusinda*, is their Sex than ours! who by that Tyrant, *Custom*, are forbid the Discovery of our Passions — How much more blest than we are happy Men!

Lus. I heartily pity you, and wish I cou'd any Way be serviceable to you.

Enter

Enter Horatio.

Hor. Sister, I have overheard you, and nothing could add to the Pleasure of *Lusinda's* consenting to make me happy, but that just Value you have for my Friend ——— He deserves it, *Violetta*, and you ought not to blush at so worthy a Choice ——— Tell me, Where shall I find the dear Man?

Viol. Whither to direct you I don't know, but he is at some Inn in Town.

Hor. I will search every Inn in Town to find him: Pardon me, *Lusinda*, nothing but my Friend could intice me one Moment from you. ———

Lusc. And in this Search, I'm in as much Haste to have you gone. ——— [Exit Horatio.

Enter Maria and Arabella.

Mar. So, Ladies, What's the Subject of the present Discourse?

Lus. What can you imagine it should be, but a Husband?

Mar. Oh dreadful!

Viol. Come, *Maria*, all your Rhetorick won't defend you against three of us; *Arabella* is oblig'd to be of our Party.

Mar. Why, *Arabella* certainly proposes no other Satisfaction in this Match, than that of pleasing her Father.

Arab. Indeed, Cousin, that's the main Motive: But did I not believe I should be very easy in a marry'd State, I should oppose this Match; and I'm satisfy'd, my Father's Tendernefs, even now, would break it off.

Lusc. I say, a Woman without a Husband, is like a Ship without a Rudder: She may happen
to

to get into Harbour well, but there are great Odds against it.

Mar. Lusinda, thou'rt quite spoil'd ; when I was last down, nothing cou'd perswade you to listen to Matrimony.

Lus. As we grow older, we grow wiser, Cousin.

Mar. Prithee, Child, can'st name any one Thing a Husband is good for ?

Lus. He's the Defence of our Honour.

Viol. A real Friend in Adversity.

Lus. An obliging Companion in Prosperity.

Mar. You'll find him a gilt Pill, fair to the Eye, but very bitter in the Taking.

Lus. Come, come, for all your Grimace, we shall see you swallow this Pill without kecking.

Arab. Cousin, these mad Girls will never allow any Thing you can bring, contrary to their Maxims.

Lus. Well, well, *Maria*, if we can't convince you of the Harmony of Wedlock ; yet, the Marquis may perswade you that it's the only happy State.

Mar. Oh, the wicked Wretch ! Dost think I can be in Love with Man ? Filthy Man — If you'll go into my Chamber, I'll read you a Poem of mine will convince you how irreconcilable I am to that slavish Title of Wife.

Viol. We'll follow you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter one of Vilnaissance's Companions, and a Servant.

Comp. You no be Servant to Mrs. *Maria* ?

Serv. Yes, Sir.

Comp. Vou'd you obligea your Lady, and my Lord ? See, here be de Present ove my Lord, de ten Guinea for you.

Serv. Bless his noble Lordship, what can I do to deserve this ?

Comp.

Comp. You know dat my Lord 'ave one Rival, dat I will shew you, who be ver great Plague to your Lady; and if you will removea him, your Lady will tank you, and my Lord reward you.

Serv. I'll do any Thing I can to serve my noble Lord.

Comp. Your Lady no be robba?

Serv. Yes.

Comp. Ver well — Do you geta one Officier, and takea dis Gentleman, for de suspiscion of de Tief, and he will be 'shame to stay in de Town: After dat, my Lord will be ridda of his Rival, and you 'ave ten Guinnea more.

Serv. I will about it this Minute: Don't you be out of the Way to shew me the Man. *[Exit.*

Comp. I hope the Fellow, for t'other Ten, will swear the Robbery to him. *[Exit.*

SCENE II. *The Inn.*

Enter Bell. jun. Carb. and Jerry.

Jer. Do you, Landlord, take care that neither the Marquis nor his Men get their Horses out of the Stable — I have made such a Discovery! — You must know, Sir, I got so much of Mr. *Carbuncle's* Wine, that (as he says) I made plaguy wide Steerage, therefore very prudently design'd to lie down; but, mistaking my Room, I stagger'd into that of one of the Marquis's Men; where I was waked with the talking of two or three who came into the Chamber — They were rejoycing at the Marquis's Success with *Maria*, who gives him such Encouragement, that he hopes soon to marry her — They were applauding his wonderful Impudence, in attempting the very Woman he robb'd — In short, Sir, they are the very Highwaymen, and have her Jewels about 'em.

E

Carb

50 *The Younger Brother : Or,*

Carb. By *Neptune*, I'll send for a Constable, and clap 'em in the Bilboes.

Bell. jun. Have an Eye over them that they don't get off; I would not have 'em taken up 'till I have shew'd *Maria* the Precipice she was upon.

Carb. I'll take my Sailing Orders from you.

Bell. jun. Landlord, let 'em suspect nothing by your Carriage.

Carb. I'll warrant you, Sir, I'll look as smooth as a Calm.

Bell. jun. *Ferry*, follow me: I'll write to *Maria*—— Tho' her Coquetry has cured my Fondness, yet I can't in Honour see her ruin'd. [*Ex. Fer. & Bell.*]

Carb. Oh these Rogues! what, they can't be content to rob the Quality of their Money, but they must take their Titles too! But I hope Justice will throw out her small Sails, and come up with 'em, and then a Yard-Arm is their Fate. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E III. *Sir Tristram's House.*

Enter Sir William Wiseman, and Bellair Senior.

Sir Wm. Have you heard nothing of your Brother? I hear he is in Town.

Bell. sen. It is not to be expected, Sir, that he would come nigh me—— The friendly Advice which a Brotherly Affection oblig'd me to offer him, was return'd with Contempt, and made me, in his Esteem, his greatest Enemy—— I am heartily concern'd for him; tho' his Life, which has been a Scandal to our Name and Family, ought to banish all Tenderness toward him.

Sir Wm. Cousin, we must not be irreconcilable: Tho' he has wanted Prudence, we must not want Humanity. I would be glad to find him out—— May-be his Necessity may have open'd his Eyes to his Folly, and he would be another Man, could he have Opportunity to shew his Repentance.

Bell. sen. The greatest Grief I have, is (Heav'n knows) his avoiding me. Let him have treated me never so basely, yet Nature tells me he is my Brother, and as such he shall never want my Assistance; tho' for his Sake I wou'd keep it back 'till his Wants make him reflect on the Advice he rejected, and taught him to know and value his real Friends.

Sir Wm. This shews me I am not deceiv'd; thou hast a generous Soul; and the Concern you shew for this unfortunate Limb of our Family, speaks thee above Interest. *Sir Tristram* has, indeed, alter'd my Resolutions of settling all my Estate; I will reserve a Subsistence for him; and if he deserves it, I'm certain you will rejoyce more at his Reformation, than repine at the Trifle you lose by it.

Bell. sen. [*Aside.*] 'SDeath, what ill Fate of mine brought this hated Brother to *Canterbury*! If my Uncle finds I have deceiv'd him, in the Character I have given, I must have no Hopes of his Estate, which alone has made me endeavour to lose my Brother in his Esteem; however, I must seem content, and find some Means, if he is yet in Town, to prevent their Meeting.——I shou'd be overjoy'd to see my Brother deserve the Concern you have for him.

Sir Wm. If we had an unsound Limb, we wou'd certainly apply Remedies before we cut it off.

Bell. sen. Sir, I hope you don't mistake me; I will do all I can to find my Brother, that I may convince him, by my present Care, my former Advice proceeded from a Cordial Love: Tho' I fear, shou'd he see you readily inclin'd to receive him to Favour, he might, depending on your good Nature, (as soon as he had a Supply to enable him) return to his former Course of Life.——Suppose you shou'd

52 *The Younger Brother : Or,*

refuse to see him, till he had taken some Pains in making Interest for his Admittance ?

Sir Wm. It's not ill advis'd ; you shall offer your Mediation : — But, *William*, you must introduce me to your Mistress ; my Box is come down by the Carrier, and I have a small Present to make her.

Bell. sen. Sir, I wait on you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The Inn.*

Enter Vilnaissance and his Companions.

Vil. Look ye, Gentlemen, the *English* Proverb ought to keep us Friends. When Rogues fall out, you know the rest. *Monf. Poultroun*, I own to you I was too passionate ; but to make you all the Amends one Gentleman can expect of another, before these our honest Companions and Fellow-Labourers, I ask your Pardon.

1st. Monf. Poultroun can desire no more. And that this Friendship may be cordial, without any future Heart-burning, as you, *Monsieur Poultroun*, seemingly gave the Affront, you should make a seeming Acknowledgment, and then I'll tell you some of my Brain-work.

3d. I agree, and, *Monsieur Vilnaissance*, I seemingly beg your Pardon for the seeming Affront.

2d So, now embrace, and all's well. —

[*They embrace.*]

1st. Now, *Monsieur le Marquis*, you told me, That you used the Gentleman, who lies in this Inn, with a great deal of ill Manners, for which, you fear, he'll call you to an Account.

Vil. Fear, say you! By *Mars*, I am a Stranger to all but the Name of it: Did I think I could be ever subject to that abject Passion, I wou'd hide my Head in some remote Island, where none shou'd know me descended from the noble and brave Family of *Vilnaissance*.

1st. We'll pass over the Word *Fear*, and say, you expect it.

2d. I expect it; for the Gentleman I see coming up the Gallery.

Vil. Heark ye, say, I can't be spoken with.

1st. Why, you don't fear him?

Vil. Zounds, don't stand to argue that, but shut the Door; if he comes in, I know by his Looks, he'll seize like a Bull-Dog.

2d. To send you once more above Fear, I only banter'd.

Vil. I hope you don't think I had any other Apprehension than this: If I fight, and kill him, it will assuredly break the Match; on the other Hand, if I am kill'd, (for the Chance of War is doubtful) Gentlemen, you will then lose two thousand Pound a-piece; so that it is not a personal, but a publick Concern.

1st. We'll be so complaisant to believe you. But to the Point; I have remov'd your Rival—I think.

Vil. It's wisely and friendly done; *Mors non mordet*: But how did she dispose of him? I wish you had dispatch'd his Servant too; that Rogue's Enquiry after his Master may cause a Discovery.

1st. Here's a Rogue in Grain; Murder goes down with him as glib as a Bribe with a Lawyer! No, Sir, I have not yet kept you Company long enough to make no Scruple at Murdering: But I have brib'd a Servant of *Maria's* to take him upon Suspicion of robbing her; and while he's secur'd, you may secure your Mistress.

Vil. Thou art a *Machiavel*; but do'st not think the Servant might be brought to swear the Robbery home to him and his Man? It wou'd, you know, clear us entirely.

[Hugs him.]

54 *The Younger Brother : Or,*

1st. I'll see what may be done : If the Fellow will do it, the Blood light on his own Head, I am innocent. But I wou'd have you retire, lest you are suspected to be longer conversant with your Servants than the giving any Orders requires.

Vil. Adieu for a few Minutes: I'll to my Mistress. [Exit.

3^d. Well, my Friends, how have you order'd Matters ?

2^d. I have robb'd the Marquis of all his Jewels, and hid them in the Points of my Saddle: If the Rogue makes nothing of it to-Day, we'll cut his Throat to-Night, and make off.

[Landlord overhears.

Carb. at the Door. [*Aside.*] I fancy I shall bring you up with a Sheet-Anchor. This is a rare Discovery of the Jewels, or we might have wanted Proof; these Dogs have no Honesty, even in their own Mefs.

He enters.

Carb. Gentlemen, the Marquis has been a noble Customer to me, and I beg the Favour of your taking one Bottle at my Charge.

1st. He brought my Heart to my Mouth : [*Aside.*] Me Tank you, Landalord, and ve vill vaite on you.

Carb. This Way, Gentlemen, is a Monteth and clean Glaffes.

3^d. Thank Fate, he did not overhear us.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE Sir Tristram's House.

Enter Maria and Jerry.

Maria. **Y**OU may return your Master his own Letter for an Answer: I'm in a very good Temper now, and have no Mind to be put in the Spleen with his Racks and Flames, or the upbraiding Epithets of Cruel and Ungrateful.

Fer. You may read it without running any such Risque, Madam: I dare say my Master, since his Love displeas'd, has endeavour'd to be very obliging, and to forget you.

Mar. And this Letter, I suppose, is to let me know it?

Fer. No, Madam; nothing but pure Christian Charity, and a Punctilio of Honour, which obliges him to save his Destroyer, gives you the Trouble of this Letter.

Mar. In hopes to find an eternal Adieu, I'll open it.——Hum! Honour——save you——assum'd Title——an Impostor——and Highwayman——Precaution——humble Servant.——Malice! Tell Mr. *Bellair*, this Letter gives me an Opinion of him I never entertain'd before. I ever thought him of too great a Spirit to be guilty of so base a Detraction. I have nothing else to add, Sir; but, that he may for the future save himself the Trouble of writing to me, for his Letters shall meet either this Fate, or the Fire.

[Tears the Letter in two.]

Fer. The Devil take him who hinders the Match, for Jerry. *[Aside.]* *[Exit.]*

Enter Vilnaiffance.

Vil. Oh! Madam, how cruel has been dis leetel Separation; me be as melancholique in your Absence as de condemn'd Malefactor; but your Eyes, like de Reprieve, makea me revivea, and givea de Joy and Gladness.

Mar. Has this Man the Air of an Impostor! Does this Language speak less than Quality! Heavens! How will Revenge and Envy make Men act contrary to the Rules of Honour, or even of common Honesty!

Vil. Madam, you seema melancholique; tella me, Madam, if my Passion displeasa you, me can dye; but me can no bear to seea you Chagrin; dat be much worse to me dan de most terrible Death. My Sword, Madam, if I am de unappy Cause, shall revenge your Quarrel, and do you Justice, for de Injury dat de violence ove my Passion do you.

Mar. His every Word, his every Action speaks the Man of Quality. Sure Men, after so barbarous a Calumny, won't charge us Women with Detraction. Heavens! how apparently does the Marquis's Air discover the Venome of his Malice!

Vil. Oh! Madam; me can no longer undergo de Pain your Silence givea me; leta me know me Crime, and see, Madam, how readily I vill wash away de Stain vid me Blood.

[Draws his Sword, and puts it to his Breast.]

Mar. Hold, my Lord; I was wondering at the Malice of the World, and considering what Ground your Lordship can have given for Slander; but to shew you how plainly I can see thro' the Malice of your Detractors: Prepare a Parson——here's my Hand——I'm yours.

Vil. Oh! Madam, do you givea me more dan de ole World can bribea me to part vid; yet, if you
no

no letta me learna my Disgrace, and who 'ave injure my Onour, I shall be possessa vid dat Melancholique, I fall never, no nevre enjoy perfectly de inestimable Blessing dat you bestow on your dear self.

Mar. Is it not enough, the convincing Proof I give you, that I think it Malice?

Vil. Oh! my Onour, Madam, must be repaire; my Onour, Madam, be blemis, me no can survivea; no, Madam, me no deserva de Appiness of enjoying so much Beauty, if me suffer de Blemis on my Onour.

Mar. Will you promise me then to consider your Rival is the Author of this Falsehood; a Man so much below your Lordship, that the severest Revenge will be to laugh at and despise him.

Vil. I promise your Ladyship any ting may consist vid my Onour—— my dear Onour.

Mar. If you can, read this; but remember, if you break your Word you lose me.—— [*She takes the Pieces of the Letter, be puts 'em together and reads.*]

Vil. Vendredy, be dis de *Englis* Gentleman! Madam, me kissa your fair Ands. I go repaire my Onour, cutta his Troat, speaka to de Parson, and be vid you in two Minutes.

Mar. No, my Lord; I won't trust you out of my Sight.

Vil. Madam, me only go fetcha my Rival's Art, to lay at your Ladyship's Feet.

Mar. I shou'd be well enough pleas'd with a Duel, were the Marquis in no Danger. [*Aside*] *Monsieur le Marquis*, to convince you of my Confidence, and to prevent the Consequence of your Revenge, I will go with you mobb'd up; provide a Parson, and your Servant may be Witness, that I give my self to my dear Marquis. I hope the Consideration of your Danger may excuse my breaking thro' the Rules of Modesty.

Vil.

58 *The Younger Brother : Or,*

Vil. Fortune prevents my Wishes. [*Aside.*] Madam, me vil return dis wonderful Generosity vid twenty tousand Pistole de Year.

Mar. May the *English* Ladies be content with the *English* Joynture ; here's a frank Offer very few of our Nobility cou'd make, and much fewer wou'd. I'll slip on a Night-gown, and wait you at the Garden Gate. For five Minutes, *mon Cher Marquis*, I am my own, and then *tejours le votre*. [*Exit.*]

Vil. I wish the Ceremony over without Interruption, and then let 'em make the most of their Discoveries. [*Exit.*]

Enter Sir Tristram, Sir William Wiseman, Horatio, and Lufinda,

Sir Trist. Come hither, *Lufinda* ; the Tenderneſs I have for you won't allow me to be compleatly happy, 'till I see you dispos'd of to a Gentleman who deserves and knows how to value you. I think I propose you such an Husband in *Horatio* ; but as the Happineſs of our Life consists in our own, not in the Opinion of others, I shall leave you to your own Choice, and impose nothing contrary to your own Inclination ; if you believe, as I do, that you can be happy with this Gentleman, I shall think my self so, in seeing you joyn'd to one of so fair a Character.

Luf. I can, Sir, make no other Return ; nor have I any other Way to expreſs my Gratitude for your Care and Affection, than by my Prayers for so good a Father, and an entire Obedience to your Will.

Sir Wm. Madam, were I not sure *Horatio* answers the Character I have given, I have so great a Value for *Sir Tristram*, I wou'd not propose the Match.

Hor.

Hor. I am infinitely oblig'd to you for your Opinion, and shall study to preserve it.

Sir Trist. My dear Girl, you may lay aside that Modesty to your Father, which Decency requires you to observe to others: Tell me, do you think *Horatio's* Temper will agree with yours, and make your future Life easy?

Luf. Pardon me, Sir, if my Wishes had the Start of your Proposal: Since you command me, I must own I cou'd be happy with no other Husband.

Sir Trist. Take her, and may she prove an obedient Wife and indulgent Mother.

Hor. I take her as the greatest Blessing.

Sir Wm. *Horatio*, I give you Joy.

Hor. It is indeed you, *Sir William*, who can only add to my present Happiness, by changing your Opinion of my Friend. Believe me, *Sir William*, however he may be traduc'd, a worthier Man don't tread the Earth. *Sir Tristram*, you must assist my Suit: Did you know him, you wou'd joyn with me, and allow he deserves every Thing *Sir William* can do for him.

Sir Trist. *Sir William* can find no greater Pleasure than that of encouraging Virtue.

Luf. We must all joyn, *Sir William*, in this: Poverty is a Crime to none, but those who have Souls too gross to relish any Thing but the present.

Sir Trist. If he is Poor, you have the better and greater Opportunity to cherish his Virtues.

Sir Wm. I fear *Horatio* speaks him rather what he shou'd be, than what he is; but if I find he is wrong'd, I'll make him Amends for the poor Opinion I have receiv'd of him. You said, *Horatio*, you hoped to see him to-Night.

Hor. By Accident I heard he was in *Canterbury*. I have search'd most of the Inns, and not meeting with

with him, have sent Servants every Road to find and bring him back.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, the Gentlemen and Ladies are beginning a Country Dance, and desire your Worship's, Mrs. *Lusinda's*, and Mrs. *Maria's* Company.

Sir Trist. My Cousin is not here; but we'll wait on them.

Hor. I am sure *Lusinda* won't deny my Friend the Place he holds in my Heart.

Sir Trist. I hope she has so much Wit as to know, a just Friend makes a good Husband; but we make the Company stay. *Sir William*, you and I will drink Time to their Musick.

Sir Wm. With all my Heart. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E II. *The Inn.*

Enter the three Companions of Vilnaiffance.

1st. It's done; his Impudence has ty'd the Knot, which sets me above the Fear of one more fatal.

2d. The Letter she had amazes me.

3d. Phoo, never trouble your Head about the Letter; it's impossible for us to hang while the Marquis has two thousand Pound *per Ann.* Money will prove our Honesty.

1st. Ay, ay, we are safe enough from the Penitential Psalm.

3d. Come, come, we'll take a Bottle, and wash away all such rascally Thoughts.

3d. With all my Heart; I'll get drunk to-Night by Way of Thanksgiving.
May Canting Knaves their idle Morals preach,
And Ideots practise what the others teach:
We, like themselves, indulge to every Sense,
Nor care what follows, when we launch from hence.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE III. *Sir Tristram's House.*

Enter a Constable, with Bellair jun. Jerry, Carbuncle, Maria's Servant, and a Servant of Sir Tristram's.

Const. Call *Sir Tristram*; I have brought a Delinquent before him.

Serv. What's that, Mr. Constable?

Const. Why, a Delinquent is a Term of Art for a Highwayman ——— Bless me! that a Justice of Peace shou'd keep such ignorant Servants ——— Well, Sir, have you any Thing to say for your self, why this Suspicion of Robbery shou'd not pass against you?

Carb. Prithee, Mr. Constable, don't be impertinent to the Gentleman.

Const. A Gentleman! ——— Nay, indeed, I have heard a Highwayman is a Gentleman by Profession.

Bell. jun. Landlord, you don't consider, Mr. Constable is the King's Representative.

Const. Ay, marry am I ——— What, I find you begin to know who you are before.

Enter Sir Tristram and Bellair sen.

Sir Trist. What's the Matter, Mr. Constable?

Const. May it please your Worship, I have brought before your Honour a very notorious Highwayman; and I don't question, when your Grace has heard the Evidence, but your Worship will jump with me in Opinion.

Bell. sen. My Brother! ——— Pray Heaven the Evidence be home. [*Aside.*

Enter

Enter Sir William Wiseman.

Sir Wm. Ha, my Nephew *Charles!* ——— I'll hide among the Croud, and hear the Reason of his being in Custody.

Sir Trist. Where's your Evidence?

Const. Sir, I dare almost swear the Robbery my self; for when I took him, he used me with a great many blasphemous Expressions, as Scoundrel, and the like, Sir; but this Fellow can better inform your Worship.

Sir Trist. Well, Friend, what do you say against this Gentleman?

Enter Horatio.

Hor. Ha, my Friend in the Hands of Justice!

[*As Horatio runs towards him. Sir Wm stops him.*]

Sir Wm. Hold, *Horatio*, do not yet shew your self; I wou'd first see how this Matter ends, and how his Brother will carry it to him.

[*Horatio goes aside with Sir William.*]

Serv. I am ready to make Oath, that this Man, and he who passes for his Servant, are the same two who robb'd my Lady ——— The Constable, Sir, has a Ring which he took from this Man, who passes for the Master, which I suspect is Part of my Lady's Jewels.

Const. You Puppy, what need you have nam'd the Ring? that wou'd have fallen to us, if you cou'd have held that blabbing Tongue of yours.

Sir Trist. Let me see that Ring. [*Constable gives it.*]

Sir Wm. [*seeing it*] Confusion! ——— What do I see ——— Look, *Horatio* ——— The very Ring I lost when I was robb'd. ——— Now take the Part of that infamous Villain; justify that Robber.

—— Oh!

——— Oh! I cou'd stab him, to save our Family the Disgrace of his Death. There, there is your Just, Wise, Brave, and Generous Friend; there's the Man whose Bravery is founded on a clear Conscience; who cou'd not be guilty of a foolish, and was above a base, Action.

Hor. Have Patience, Sir *William*; I can't, nor won't, believe but this is some Trick put upon him.

Sir Wm. An ungrateful Villain, to rob and use me so vilely, who have ever design'd and consulted his Interest: Cou'd not the Wretch take my Money, but endeavour'd to take my Life too, by leaving me, such a terrible Night, without Shelter, and unable to help my self — The Barbarity of the Action is such, that it draws Tears from me to think I cou'd be ever fond of so vile a Wretch.

Sir Trist. You hear, Sir, what this Fellow says; and you see the Jewel he brings to back his Evidence.

Bell. jun. Sir, that Gentleman who stands next you, can give you a Character of me, which may clear me of this Suspicion.

Bell sen. Sir, you have pitch'd upon a very wrong Man to give you a Character; for, should I speak the Truth, I shou'd rather confirm *Sir Tristram* in, than clear you of, the Suspicion. I know your Life so well, that I have much more Reason to wonder your Extravagance has not before now brought you into this Dilemma, than that I now see you in it.

Hor. How it grieves me to find any of the Name of *Bellair* of so base a Nature. [*Aside.*]

Bell. jun. I find, Sir, I am not deceiv'd in you: As to the Robbery, Sir, I can prove I was at Mr. *Carbuncle's* House when it's said to be committed: The Ring, Sir, which is alledg'd as an Evidence against me —

Sir Wm.

46 *The Younger Brother : Or,*

Sir Wm. [*aside*] To my great Grief, I can prove how you came by it.

Bell. jun. I had it from a Gentleman whom, I don't doubt, you will very soon have a Visit from — He was out of the Way, or Mr. *Carbuncle* wou'd have brought him with us.

Bell. sen. The Ring, *Sir Trifram*, I know to be the same my Uncle lost; and I have very good Reason, besides that of having the stolen Goods found upon them, to suspect that Gentleman and his Servant were the two who committed the Robbery. It is true, he is my Relation; but the barbarous Usage of my Uncle, has made him a Stranger to me; Wherefore, I beg you will immediately commit them both, least my Uncle sees 'em; and I shou'd be sorry if his Compassion to a Relation shou'd make him blind to Justice, and such an unnatural Villainy escape unpunish'd. [*Aside to Sir Trifram.*]

Carb. Sir, I am ready to swear this Gentleman was at my House when *Maria* was robb'd, and that I was by him, and saw him win that Ring of a *French Marquis*, as he calls himself.

Bell. sen. I fancy that Inn-keeper's Readiness to clear this Gentleman, proceeds from his being an Accomplice: Were I the Magistrate, I should secure him with the others.

Carb. No, 'Squire *Bellair*, my Readiness proceeds from a Principle of Justice: Let the Rogue be brought to a Gang-way, and an honest Man to a fresh Mess: A Tar scorns a base Action as much as a Gentleman ought to do.

Bell. sen. You grow Saucy.

Carb. I wou'd have you know, Sir, the honestest Part of the *English* Nation is at Sea; and tho' we have not the new *French* Breeding, we have the old *English* Sincerity: I an Accomplice, Sir? I scorn the Reflection as much as you despise Poverty: I say, Sir, your Brother is as honest a Gentleman as
ever

ever stepp'd between Stem and Stern of a Ship:
Blood, if he's a Thief, I'm a Hand-spike,

Hor. Well, *Sir William*, is my Friend the Villain
who cou'd be so barbarous to you this rigid Season,
or not?

Sir Wm. His Brother's Baseness confounds me,
equally with this suppos'd Guilt.

Hor. [Runs and embraces him.] Oh, my Friend!
how happy am I that I can thus hold you.

Sir Wm. My dear *Charles*, I am, tho' late, con-
vinc'd of thy Innocence, and thy Brother's Base-
ness: Pardon me, Nephew, for entertaining a
Thought to your Prejudice; but my Estate, to
which I declare you Heir, and of which your Bro-
ther has prov'd himself unworthy, shall make
Amends for my Credulity.

Bell. jun. I know not where first to pay my Gra-
titude.

Sir Trist. Costable, I'll be answerable for your
Prisoners: As for you, Sir, who are so ready to
swear, I shall take Care of you. Sir, I am heartily
sorry for your Disgrace, and desire you will reckon
me among the Number of your Friends.

Bell. sen. I can't bear my Uncle's Sight after this;
I'll instantly quit the Town. [Exit.

Bell. jun. Sir, you do me Honour. *Horatio*, how
shall I return the Constancy of your Friendship, or
sufficiently acknowledge my Uncle's Generosity?

Hor. If you think your self any Way indebted to
me for paying what I ow'd, you may repay it, by
letting me have the Honour to call you Brother.
I have a Sister the World thinks agreeable, and
who knows you deserving.

Bell. jun. Cou'd I merit your Sister, I shou'd think
no Titles equal to that of *Violetta's* Husband and
Horatio's Friend.

66 *The Younger Brother : Or,*

Sir Trist. I'll introduce you to the Ladies.

Sir Wm. See, they are coming here.

Enter Violetta, Lufinda, and Arabella.

Sir Trist. This, Sir, is your Friend and Brother's design'd Wife; this, Sir, is your *Horatio's*; both my Daughters; this Lady you know, and, adod, I hope you will be better acquainted. [*He salutes 'em.*

Carb. By Mefs, Sir, your Affairs are upon another Tack. [*Bellair addresses himself to Violetta.*

Sir Trist. I find your Brother has left the Company.

Sir Wm. I am glad he has so much Modesty.

Fer. Now Heav'n's blefs old *Sir William*; Fortune only gave us a Foil, we have recover'd our Legs again.

Sir Trist. I shall, *Sir William*, run the Risque of your Nephew's Anger; and since I find the Poor-ness of his Spirit, save my Daughter from being tainted by so vile a Husband.

Enter Vilnaiffance and Maria.

Bell. jun. Now, Landlord, bring the Marquis's Servants.

Carb. I have 'em under Hatches, and will bring them in a Minute. [*Exit.*

Vil. Gentlemen and Ladies, me comea to declare me Appinels, in calling dis Lady de Marchioness de Montpelier.

Fer. to Sir Wm. Sir, my Master had the Ring from this Gentleman. [*Aside.*

Sir Wm. Then this Gentleman robb'd me. [*Aside.*

Luf. How, Cousin! have you laid aside your Aversion to Matrimony?

Mar. There is a Fate, Cousin, over-rules our strongest Resolutions.

Sir

Sir Wm. Pray, Monsieur, shall I beg the Favour of one Question?

Vil. Any ting you please, Sir.

Sir Wm. This Gentleman says, he had this Ring from you; pray, where did you get it? For it was taken from me on the Road by two Rogues.

Vil. Devil, I'm discover'd. [*Aside*]—Sir, me no knowa de Ring.

Mar. I wonder, Mr. Bellair, your Malice shou'd continue to the Marquis, when you see all Hopes of me are lost.

Bell. Jun. Madam, you will soon be convinc'd, that the Desire I had to hinder your being cast away, and not any Malice to that Impostor, occasion'd the Advice you will have Cause to repent you slighted.

Enter Carbuncle, with the three Companions, guarded.
[*Bell. goes to Carbuncle, takes some Jewels from him*]

Bell. Jun. Madam, do you own these Jewels?

Mar. How my Heart trembles.—— [*Aside.*]
Indeed they are mine.

Bell. Jun. Sir *Tristram*, Pray examine *Monsieur le Marquis* and his Servants, how they came by these Jewels, which my Landlord took out of their Saddles.

Carb. That I am ready to make Oath of.

1st Comp. Sir, we own the Fact; and hope, as it's our first Crime, you will recommend us to Mercy.

Serv. Sir, one of these brib'd me with 10 Guineas in Hand, and a Promise of 100 more, to swear the Robbery against you.

Sir Trist. I never heard such Villainy.

Vil. Well, Gentlemen, who is our Prosecutor?

Mar. Oh that I cou'd now die, and the World forget there ever was so great a Wretch on Earth.

68 *The Younger Brother: Or,*

Sir Wm. Sir, I'll do you that Piece of Service.

Mar. Oh *Bellair*! I now too late see your Worth; and my own Folly has shew'd me how much you deserv'd a different Treatment.

Arab. From my Soul I pity you.

Mar. Oh! I'm rack'd with Remembrance; when I look back on my once happy Days, it is to increase my Grief, which soon I hope will burst the narrow Confines of my Heart, and ease me of my detested Life.

Viol. [*Aside*] Poor *Maria*, thy Coquetry is severely punish'd.

Vil. My Dear, I thought you lov'd me too tenderly to change thus suddenly.

Mar. Away, thou Toad, swell'd with the most poisonous Mischief — Oh! that my Eyes, like Basilisks, could kill.

Sir Trist. I'll ease the Lady of the Sight of you; make a *Mittimus* for them.

Clerk. What's your Names?

3d. Mine, Sir, is *Jean Poultron*, this Man's *William Courvite*, his, Sir *Charles Tromperie*, and the Marquis's *Richard Vilnaissance*. We are all Refugees; and as we came over for our Religion, I hope you will consider us.

Vil. I'm of Opinion your Prosecution will shew more Malice than Power — You don't consider I have 40000*l.* in my Pocket — Thanks to this Lady.

Mar. Alas! my Despair is equal to the Damn'd; I see no Glimple of future Peace; Curse on my Folly — But ah! what Curse can equal that my own Pride has already brought upon me.

Vil. Prithee, my Dear, give over this Romantick Rage.

Sir Trist. Be comforted, Cousin; the Law will divorce you.

Fer.

Ferry. Ay, ay, Madam, don't afflict your self; one Knot will loose another; a Halter's a certain Remedy for an ill Marriage. When *Monsieur le Marquis* has taken one Frisque at the End of a Rope, your Ladyship will be releas'd, and the Mob diverted.

Clerk. I have done the Mittimus, Sir.

Sir Trist. Away with the Prisoners.

Fer. to Vil. Look ye, Friend, your Misery will soon be at an End — It is but one, d'ye see — one Keck — and you are rid of a Termagant Wife. I'll come and see that you have a clean Pair of Gloves and Napkin, for your Lady's Sake. Poor Gentlewoman, I little thought her Husband wou'd come to be hang'd — I wish she survives the Loss of you. [Exeunt Prisoners.]

Mar. Oh *Maria*, add Thought to Thought, Reflection to Reflection; that thou may'st lose thy Sense and Misery together. [Swoons.]

Sir Trist. Carry her to her Chamber, poor Lady.

Carb. What make's you pensive, *Ferry*?

Fer. I'm considering whether or no this Lady ought to mourn a Year out for her Spouse — No — I believe Custom don't require it of the Widow, when her Husband suffers by Law.

Sir Trist. *Arabella*, I have Reason to doubt your Happiness with *Mr. Bellair*, therefore shall make another Choice.

Arab. Sir, if you will allow me my own, it shall be a single Life.

Sir Trist. My Dear, you shall be always Mrs. of your Inclinations — *Sir William*, the Lady's Misfortunes make me melancholy; shall we drink a Bottle, to the Mitigation of her Sorrow?

Bell. jun. I heartily pity her; and am sorry my Treatment is reveng'd after so severe a Manner.

Carb.

70 *The Younger Brother, &c.*

Carb. By Mefs, ſhe has made me as melancholy as a Lee Shoar cou'd do.

Jer. Hang me, if I have any Compaſſion for her; ſhe uſed my Maſter ſo ſcurvily, that if ever I ſee her again at *Hide-Park*, I'll tell all the Servants of her Huſband's breaking his Neck by a Fall from a Cart.

Hor. You, who the gawdy Outſide only prize, }
Set this unhappy Fair before your Eyes, }
Chuſe Men of Senſe, and at her Coſt grow wiſe. }

F I N I S.



o-
r;
ee
of
a

3